

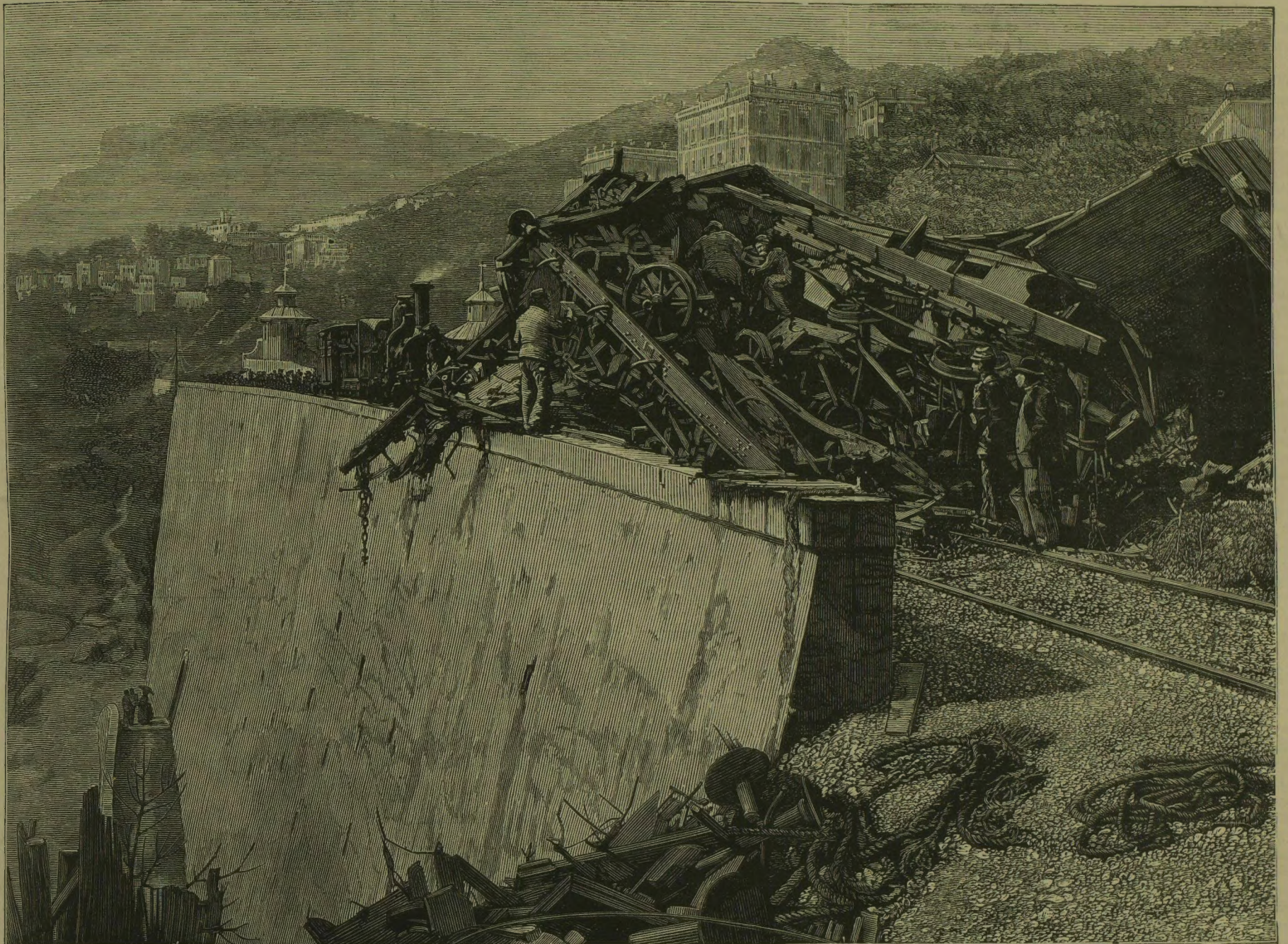
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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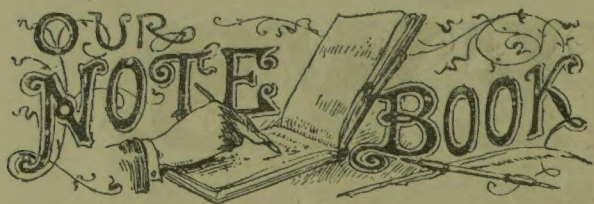
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THE RAILWAY DISASTER IN THE RIVIERA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



Mr. Walter Besant, well known as a novelist, and equally well known, perhaps, as a philanthropist, has done good service in pointing out that the cruel "sweating system," which forces poor women to work at what are called "starvation wages," is in active operation at a Government factory. An inquiry has been promised, and it is to be hoped that a grievance that leads to terrible results will be suppressed. Economy in the payment of needlewomen is not the kind of economy desired by the countrymen of the poet who sang the "Song of the Shirt." To give these poor women wages on which they cannot live is to encourage indirectly a great social evil. Meanwhile some good agencies are at work for the benefit of this class, one of them being Lady Winchelsea's "Thimble League," which gives employment to sempstresses without pauperising them. We have heard too much of "Leagues" lately; but this one, at least, has everything to commend it. Another hopeful agency is the co-operative factory of working women, established by Mrs. Heckford at the Minories, so as to secure a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. For this project, by-the-way, Mr. Besant gives his good word, and we are glad to see that it is proposed to extend the benefit of it to the suburbs. Such efforts should be successful. There are none of us, surely, who wish to economise by grinding down the poor, there are none who will not be glad to know, without a doubt, that in making purchases they are doing good, instead of increasing, however unwittingly, a great national disgrace.

Mr. Henry Vaughan deserves the thanks of every lover of landscape-painting for presenting his beautiful Constable, "The Hay-Wain," to the National Gallery. This great artist grows in reputation, as well he may; but it is pitiful to read of the slight rewards he met with in his lifetime, and how he had an offer from France of £70 for this fine picture, for which he appears to have asked less than £140. "My Frenchman," as Constable calls him, took away the picture, with some others he had purchased, and the artist received the honour of a gold medal from the French King. Neither in Constable's day nor in ours has landscape-painting in England been rewarded according to its deserts. Indeed, the wealth yielded by the labours of many of our greatest artists has been almost wholly posthumous.

If, as the *Saturday Review* affirms, the poet is to be pitied who is "taken up" by a Society, then we may feel some sympathy with the fate of Shelley. The controversy over the ashes of this exquisite lyrist, with regard to his position as a poet and his conduct as a man, is likely to be revived and extended by the enthusiasm of his worshippers. It must be owned, their expressions with regard to this poetical divinity are somewhat overcharged. He is a priest and a prophet; he is the most heavenly of singers; his poems are woven of ether; he is the most unspeakable of artists, and one of the best of men. Of course, those of us who, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, differ from this judgment, must be content to be called "Philistines." The reproach is endurable; but it is noteworthy that Mr. Stopford Brooke, who opened the Society last week with an address eulogistic enough to satisfy the most exacting admirers of Shelley, is not, or was not when he compiled a selection from the poet's works, wholly blind to his defects. He admits that his poetry of Nature has no ground in thought, and therefore wants power. He admits his love of the indefinite, and that the common human heart was not his theme, nor did he care to write about it. He adds, indeed, that Shelley's weakness made his power; but this is just what the critic, who lacks Mr. Brooke's devotion, will not readily allow. In the case of most poets, and especially in that of Shelley, it is impossible to separate the man's personal character from his work. But Professor Dowden's biography is announced as almost ready for the press, and it may be hoped it will be successful in clearing the poet's memory from the imputations that rest upon it. That Shelley's aspirations were noble, no one questions; but, unfortunately, a man may have the noblest aspirations, and yet treat his wife badly.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who won the Derby with Iroquois in 1881, lately disposed of his stud at Rancocas Farm, New Jersey, U.S. Twenty-seven "lots" fetched about 150,000 dols., or £30,000. It is notable that out of twenty-seven animals seventeen were by the famous French sire, Mortemer, sold by M. Lefèvre to Mr. Lorillard, in 1880, for some £5000. Mortemer will be remembered as the sire of St. Christophe (winner of the Grand Prix de Paris, in 1877), of Verneuil (winner of the Ascot Cup, &c., in 1879), of Chamant (winner of the Two Thousand, in 1877), of Clémentine (third to Pilgrimage and Jannette for the One Thousand, and to Jannette and Pilgrimage for the Oaks), and of other "cracks." Mortemer himself won the Ascot Cup in 1871, and was a great horse altogether.

It is related of some German book—of which the identity is somewhat confused—that its author once remarked that only one person had ever understood it, and he had misunderstood it. A like fate will not, we trust, overtake the latest exponent of that most delightful or all modern books, "Alice in Wonderland." Up to the present, thousands of us, young, middle-aged, and old, had read it in simple faith and unalloyed enjoyment, little doubting that underneath its frank, childlike exterior were lurking all the problems which have vexed mankind for centuries. It is a writer in the current number of the *Journal of Education* who reveals

this awful abyss to our hitherto blinded eyes. The right view of Wonderland, he tells us, is the doctrine of Evolution; Alice is the Embodiment of Human Nature; and the fable typifies the progressive organisation of Life. The "Pool of Tears" prefigures the beginnings of life on the shore of some tidal ocean; the episode of the mouse, with its horror of cats, is the struggle for existence; and the "Caucus-race" is the survival of the fittest. Alice's discomfort in the rabbit's house is intended to suggest the painful efforts of the race to adapt itself to its environments; and the alarming puppy represents the blind forces that are so appalling in their sportive energy. Passing over a number of other points, we find the Duchess represents the various institutions which have fostered knowledge, and the peppery soup and flying plates suggest the *odium theologicum*, which at times has played so disastrous a part in our Academic teaching; whilst the great Pig-baby but roughly disguises the inductive philosophy of Bacon. From Colleges the critic passes to Courts, and thence to Philosophies: the gryphon and the mock turtle representing the opposing principles of altruism and egoism; and the great Trial-scene—after many sly hits at barbarous jurisprudence and political superstition—he closes with the consciously-developing intellect rising to its full stature, and, making a bold sweep of all chimeras and quibbles, awakening to a full knowledge of its place in a world of realism. As a *jeu d'esprit*, we have read few better things since the days of Calverley.

Changeable they call this climate of England. But where else in the world can you have about a hundred and twenty consecutive days of east wind? Surely that is constant enough to satisfy anybody; clockwork is nothing to the regularity with which an English weathercock (considered a variable, shifty article in less happy climes) will point to the east, inclining, if at all, to the north. And if foreign countries do have as much east wind as we, how is our climate worse than theirs?

This week (March 20) the winter is supposed by the calendar (edited by Joe Miller, or some other wag), to end, and spring is considered (in a manner of speaking) to begin: at any rate, the sun is bound to "enter Aries," and it is sincerely hoped that he will, at the very least, show himself now and then at the window. A reasonable proposition has been made that, after the manner of Thucydides in his history, we English should divide our year into but two seasons—summer (comprising, say, a bit of July and August) and winter (extending over the other small portion of the year); such division would be quite as applicable to England as to Greece—at least, the "Isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung"; else that distinguished poetess must have "burned" under the very slightest provocation.

If one's blood did not run cold—too cold—already, it would surely do so at the accounts given of anglers who go a-fishing (for pleasure) in such weather as we have been having, and who are said to "have done fairly well, mostly by swimming the worm in the eddies and rough parts of the streams, killing trout, grayling, roach, dace, and a few small-sized perch." One can easily understand that the fish would be only too ready to be caught, so as to get as near as possible to the fire (though it were in a frying-pan); but that anybody should stand on the banks of a river to catch them passes comprehension. Are the professors of the gentle craft not human?

As for hunting, a mighty hunter was heard lamenting that he had not been out for four weeks, and that he intended to sell all such of his horses as had not yet eaten their heads off. The best run of the season is said to have been that which came off in the Marylebone-road, when they "found" (a tame fox) in the open street, and "killed" (with a policeman's staff) in a front garden.

A remarkably grim piece of judicial pleasantry comes to us from Colorado, where great excitement has lately been occasioned by the trial of a wretch named Packer, who, being in the mountains with a party of adventurers undergoing great privations, treacherously killed, and subsequently devoured, the whole of his companions. The judicial sentence is thus reported:—"Stand up, yer cannibal! Ye'r a nice sort of patriotic citizen, aint ye? Here, right at a time when there were only eight men in the county, you must go to work and eat up five of 'em. It's a great pity the law can't do more to you than hang you—which it will, on such and such a day. Sit down, you monopoly cannibal!" We would have excused any slight indecorum in Judge Gerry's sentence if he had been as good as his word; but, unfortunately, Packer—the greatest villain on record since the Phoenix Park murderers—was not hanged at all, and, at the present day, "amuses himself by making fanciful chairs and picture-frames from cigar-box wood."

Another instance of misplaced lenity, twice repeated, is reported from America. The Chicago Public Library has been victimised by the most extensive and systematic robberies of books, which ultimately proved to have been perpetrated by an employé. Upon the arrest of this person, and inquiry into his past history, it appeared that he had been in custody five years before on similar charges; but that, paradoxically enough, the very magnitude of his delinquencies had exempted him from prosecution, "on the ground that a young man who did so much book-stealing, and so neatly, must be a kleptomaniac." He went away, changed his name, returned to Chicago, graduated in the University, entered the service of the Library, and stole 2000 more volumes before he was detected. The authorities this time went a step further, and, still adhering to the kleptomaniac theory for consistency's sake, sent the cleverest man in Chicago to a lunatic asylum.

Moderation, when political and social questions are concerned, seems to be estimated very differently by different persons. There are men who regard strong language as a virtue; there are others who hold, and not unreasonably, that when addressed to ignorant and suffering people it may lead to crime. However, to use a familiar saying, we live and learn, and Mr. Champion, who addressed a meeting at Hackney last Saturday, has informed us in definite terms of what moderation means. After saying that the land and wealth of the country was in the hands of a few people, he added, that "speaking as soberly as he could, he would tell them that if he thought the miserable system under which they lived, and all its attendant horrors, could be done away with tomorrow by cutting the throats of that million and a quarter of people . . . he would, if it was possible, do it with his own hand that minute." We now know what Mr. Champion, who is, we understand, an educated man, understands by sobriety of language. Whether his definition will commend itself to other sober-minded persons, still remains an open question.

We are so accustomed to railways as the principal means of locomotion by land for any considerable distance that it hardly occurs to us to consider what we should think of them if we now made their acquaintance for the first time. The question is answered by the late Mr. Hullah in a letter reproduced in his recently published biography. "I went in a steam-carriage, a position in which, I trust, except in cases of great hurry, I shall never again find myself; the shaking, bumping, and jarring give you pains in the head; the smoke blinds you, and, if you would let it, suffocates you, and covers you with dirt; and the noise puts all conversation out of the question; you never pass within sight of a town, and frequently travel for miles between walls of mud—i.e., embankments and cuttings. Altogether it is a method of conveyance which people may resort to when they are in a hurry, or cannot get a stage-coach." Evidently, there were those, in 1838, who expected that coaches would be able to hold their ground after all.

Some of Mr. Hullah's objections to railway travelling may strike us as strange, till we consider the circumstances under which the railway system was inaugurated. He complains of "never seeing a town." The foolish and, to us, incomprehensible opposition of many large towns compelled deviations from the original plans, and kept railroads at a distance. Oxford, Sheffield, Northampton, are cases in point. "Walls of mud" would not, nowadays, be recognised as a description applicable to railway embankments. But when Mr. Hullah wrote, there had not been time for the growth of the verdure, which has done so much to redeem their deformity.

It must be thirty years at least since a new edition of the works of Pope, under the joint editorship of Croker and Peter Cunningham, was announced as forthcoming. It is fifteen years since Mr. Murray published the first volume of the fine edition edited by Mr. Elwin, with the use of the materials collected by Croker. In every respect, save one, Mr. Elwin was a most competent editor. He was a master of his subject in its minutest details, he had a large knowledge of literature, and he had the advantage not only of the researches of Croker, but also of Dilke. Unfortunately, the editor was not sympathetic. He detested Pope's moral character, not wholly without reason; and so little, with one or two exceptions, did he appreciate his poetry, that it was said at the time that it would almost seem as if he had laboured to convince the world that the works of Pope were not worth editing. Five volumes appeared under Mr. Elwin's supervision; he then handed over a task that had become ungrateful to Mr. Courthope, under whose able care four volumes have been printed, two of them quite recently. It will be seen that publishers have their troubles as well as authors. A great literary work that has been so many long years in progress must have caused not a little vexation to the famous house in Albemarle-street.

Despite the not unjust indignation of the French over the prize-fight which took place between Englishmen at Maison Lafitte, near Paris, it appears that they have amidst themselves a doughty champion, who is willing to enter the ring and play fisticuffs with any man of his weight, be he English, Irish, or American. Professor Charlemagne, as this ambitious bruiser is called, would have, according to the accounts of those who have seen him practise, one special advantage over an antagonist who had only studied *à l'Anglaise* the rules of *la boxe*. He does not limit his accomplishments to the use of the arms and body: he kicks, and is reported to be as clever with his feet as with his hands.

No explanation has been offered of the hissing which Madame Adelina Patti was greeted with at her first appearance at the Theatre at Valencia, in Spain. During her whole professional career of now thirty-four years' duration—she appeared first as a child of eight years old—she has been idolised by the public of almost every civilised city in the world, and only three weeks ago was pronounced by competent critics in Nice to be in as good voice as when half Europe was talking of her phenomenal powers. Never before has she been received except with unbounded admiration. But the Valentians hooted her, and those who know most about the subject trace the cause to the fact that the prices of admission to the theatre had been raised to a heavy figure. This explanation seems hardly satisfactory, for it is obvious that those people who did not wish or could not afford to pay the sums demanded for seats might have stayed away.

Jumbo, the children's favourite at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, that was killed in America through "colliding" with a railway train, has been artistically stuffed, and is on view at Montreal, whence his ponderous carcass will be taken to New York.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, from his favourite eyrie in the gallery above the Ministerial benches, had on Monday the satisfaction of seeing his illustrious father resume his seat as Leader of the House of Commons. The Prime Minister looked little or none the worse for his week's confinement to the "little house in Downing-street"; but it was evident, from the huskiness of his voice in answering the few questions addressed to him, that Mr. Gladstone had not quite recovered from the severe cold which had kept him within doors. The right hon. gentleman was possibly also depressed by the so-called "Ministerial crisis" which, it was reported, followed Mr. Gladstone's exposition of his sweeping reforms for Ireland at last Saturday's Cabinet Council. In more than one paper, on Tuesday, it was confidently asserted that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan, unable to agree to the costly project of land-purchase in Ireland, had resigned office. That they had taken this extreme step was disproved for the day, at least, by the appearance of both right hon. gentlemen with their colleagues on the Treasury bench. Whether or not Mr. Gladstone may ultimately lose the valuable co-operation of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan, the Premier has the consolation of knowing that many staunch friends and distinguished Ministers remain by his side, among them two past Lord Lieutenants and the present conciliatory Viceroy, and exceptionally able and unprejudiced Secretary for Ireland, Mr. John Morley. Be that as it may, it is but the due of the eminent statesman who risks his brilliant reputation in the laudable endeavour to solve the troublesome Irish problem to give a patient hearing and consideration to his grave proposals before passing judgment upon him and upon them.

Glancing lightly at the proceedings in the House of Lords, a welcome infusion of liveliness first claims notice. On Thursday, the Eleventh of March, Lord Cranbrook, brisk and spectated, neatly and courteously led the Opposition, in the continued absence of the Marquis of Salisbury, whose clearness of utterance was commendably emulated by the Earl of Kimberley in his well-ennunciated appeal for a Select Committee to inquire into the different Acts of Parliament regulating the government of India. On the part of the late Viceroy, the Marquis of Ripon, and of the Earl of Derby (who, as Lord Stanley, had so honourable and conspicuous a part to play in 1858 in transferring the government of India from "John Company" to her Majesty), Silence gave consent to Lord Kimberley's motion. Cordially and in a few well-chosen sentences did Lord Cranbrook signify his approval. The following day the Earl of Harrowby's seasonable motion in favour of opening the National Gallery and British Museum till ten p.m. on three week-day evenings (why not on Sundays as well?) met with the approval of Earl Granville and Lord Sudeley; and the Government offered no opposition to Lord Cranbrook's motion for a return of "boycotting" occurrences in Ireland.

The Eels Act having been relished as the first course at Monday's sitting (the Lord Chancellor, Lord Monson, and Lord Sudeley having, in other words, gone through the usual senatorial ordeal to signify her Majesty's consent by Royal Commission, and to hearken unto the imprimatur, "*La Reine le veut!*" in old Norman French), Lord Herschell had his reward on his return to the woolsack. Earl Granville left the Ministerial bench to share the Lord Chancellor's cushion for a while, and to have a genial chat with the noble Lord, who has won golden opinions from both sides since he has presided over their Lordships' deliberations. The Prince of Wales, for the first time since his return from Cannes, looked in on Monday, when Lord Stratheden and Campbell's portentous motion relating to the late disturbances in the West-End led to a discursive conversation, in the course of which Lord Cranbrook, with accustomed fairness, had the candour to declare the Government had "barely come into office" when the riots occurred. In the debate that ensued on the deplorable prevalence of lawlessness in certain districts in Ireland, recrimination was the rule. Could the rival Parties but bring themselves to unite (as they did at last over the Redistribution of Seats Bill) to discover the best means of restoring quiet to Ireland, some good would probably result from their united efforts.

Many will fail to see why Lord Selborne should on Tuesday have exclaimed, "Thank God, I have not the rhetorical gifts of the right reverend prelate!" alluding to the most eloquent orator on the ecclesiastical bench, Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough. What inspired the Bishop's lucid eloquence in the remarkably earnest speech in which he moved the second reading of the Parish Churches Bill, was a strong desire to secure more and better accommodation in our churches for the poor. Notwithstanding the opposition of Lord Grimthorpe and Lord Selborne, and the yea-nay deliverance of Earl Granville, it is to be hoped the reference of the bill to a Select Committee, as wisely suggested by the Archbishop of Canterbury, may quicken the reform Dr. Magee has at heart.

The Commons are still girding up their loins for the inevitable deciding battle on the new Irish policy of the Government. But we are keeping our hands in with many a lively skirmish—heralded by the usual prodigiously long list of questions, which, mostly parochial in their nature, eloquently testify in themselves to the crying need of Local Self-government for the whole United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Take the Eleventh of March. There were then no less than eighty-one questions for Ministers to answer. But it would be hard to say what public service was rendered by this prolonged inquisitorial examination of Ministers beyond the familiar demonstration of Mr. Childers's ability to vie with the sweetest of High Church curates in the mellifluous intonation of his mild answers couched to turn away wrath; Sir William Harcourt's capacity for imitating hollow thunder; Mr. Mundella's elocutionary talent for reproducing the reverberating voice of a pilot in a storm; and Mr. Bryce's unique facility for copying the mellow accents of the "corner-man" of a band of Ethiopian serenaders. An amusing incident of this same sitting was the cool aplomb with which Mr. Labouchere, crossing the floor and taking a seat next Mr. Brodrick, smilingly made amends for his Rabelaisian letter in the *Daily News* of that morning, and explained it airily away, in a Pickwickian sense. In Committee of Supply, Mr. Labouchere, in the cool and free-and-easy manner habitual with him, moved that the vote of £31,997 for Royal palaces be reduced by £8274, thus disallowing the charges for residences not occupied by her Majesty. But, at the gentle official instigation of Mr. Leveson-Gower, the amendment was rejected by a majority of 115. In his character of Radical economist, Mr. Labouchere was successful in his motion that the vote of £112,619 for the London parks be reduced by £50,403, his argument being that London should pay for the London parks, just as provincial towns pay for theirs. The orthodox member for Northampton carried his motion by a majority of 17 (131 to 114), but was not unduly exalted by his victory. A memorable sitting closed with Mr. Mundella's clear and vigorous speech recommending the new Railway Bill for the provision of separate Railway Courts for England, Scotland, and Ireland, and also to empower the Board of Trade and Parliament to fix the fares.

Lord Charles Beresford (whose frank and outspoken speeches

on naval matters were always listened to with attention in Lord Beaconsfield's Parliament) reappeared on Monday as a naval reformer, and had the Prince of Wales as one of his audience whilst he made out a case for the increase of our ships of war, and particularly of torpedo-boats. The noble Lord's proposal to suspend the Sinking Fund did not meet with approval: and Sir E. J. Reed justified his appointment by defending the proposals of the Admiralty, and by his boast that the resolve of the late Ministry to lay down two new ironclads, the Nile and Trafalgar, would be carried out by the present Government. Lord Charles Beresford's motion was negatived by a majority of 108 (206 against 98); and the first vote of the Navy Estimates, for 61,400 men and boys, was agreed to. Next day, in accepting Mr. Stansfeld's motion for the Repeal of the C. D. Acts, the Secretary for War intimated that the Government must continue the grants to the local hospitals. An advance-guard of the army of Land Reforms impending was, on the whole, successfully led by Mr. Saunders, supported effectively by Mr. Moulton; inasmuch as Mr. Saunders's resolution in favour of taxing ground-rents and land being built on was referred, at the happy suggestion of Mr. Lawson, to the Committee on his Town Holdings Bill. The only wonder is that ground-rents have so long escaped the proverbial vigilance of Chancellors of the Exchequer.

THE COURT.

On Sunday morning her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. B. F. Westcott, D.D., Canon of Westminster, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, officiated; and the Rev. Canon Westcott preached the sermon. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princesses Marie and Victoria. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Randall Davidson and Captain the Hon. D. J. Monson (in attendance on her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh) had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family in the evening. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by the Hon. Lady Biddulph and Major Edwards, C.B., went to London on Monday morning. Mr. E. Joseph has had the honour of submitting to the Queen his collection of miniatures by Cosway. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and the Duchess of Edinburgh dined with her Majesty. His Excellency the Russian Ambassador and Madame and Mlle. De Staal, Lady Thurlow, the Marquis of Ripon, and the Earl of Elgin, Treasurer of the Household, had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. Princess Beatrice arrived at the castle on Tuesday morning from London. The Duchess of Edinburgh and children took leave of her Majesty. The Queen went out in the morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. This being the anniversary of the death of the Duchess of Kent, her Royal Highness's mausoleum at Frogmore was, by the Queen's command, opened between the hours of one and four o'clock for the members of the Royal household and others to visit it. According to the present arrangements, the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Royal suite, will leave Windsor Castle for Buckingham Palace next Monday, and will hold, on the following day, the second Drawingroom; and, after laying the foundation-stone of the College of Physicians, on the Thames Embankment, next Wednesday, will return to Windsor.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Marlborough House last Saturday morning from Cannes. His Royal Highness presided at a meeting of the governors of Wellington College at Marlborough House, and was afterwards present at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum. On Monday the Prince held the second Levée of the season, on behalf of the Queen, at St. James's Palace. More than 300 presentations were made. The Prince received Count Corti at Marlborough House on Monday, on his appointment as Italian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. His Royal Highness went to the House of Lords in the afternoon, and was afterwards present at the debate in the House of Commons. The Prince dined with Lord Sudeley and the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms at their mess-room in St. James's Palace in the evening. The Prince travelled on Tuesday to Torquay, where the Princess and their daughters are staying.

The Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn was safely delivered of a daughter at Buckingham Palace, on Wednesday morning. Her Royal Highness and the infant are both doing well. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, came from Windsor by special train on the Great Western Railway to pay a visit to the Duchess.

The Duke of Cambridge entertained Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and a party of gentlemen at dinner last Saturday evening at Gloucester House.

BOYCOTTING IN IRELAND.

It appears, from Lord Spencer's speech in the debate of last Monday, that the statistics of boycotting officially reported, comparing February this year with the same month in the past two years, show no positive increase, while the number of actual outrages, not inclusive of threatening letters, is vastly diminished. The allegation, however, of those who take the worst view of the present condition of Ireland is that the power of the National League, and the interference of its branch committees in the ordinary affairs of social life, having become irresistible, neither outrages nor boycotting are now required. There can be no denial of the fact that tenants are frequently supported by the League in their refusal to pay rent legally due, but of which a large reduction is peremptorily demanded; and the scene at a rent audit, which is represented in our Artist's Sketch, is a dramatic example. A farmer, who does not look extremely poverty-stricken, declares in a loud voice, and with vehement gestures, that he will pay only so much and no more; the neighbours, forming a ring behind him, are the members of the local branch committee of the League; there is much hilarity and malicious triumph among them. The unlucky landlord, standing with arms folded in an attitude of grim resignation, has unutterable thoughts upon the Irish questions, and would be only too glad to relinquish his estates, for whatever compensation might be afforded by the scheme now under the consideration of Government, taking his share of the hundred or two hundred millions to be advanced by the Imperial Exchequer. The agent, pen in hand, sits ready to sign a receipt for the rent, or even for a small part of it on account; but, in the temper of the parties just now, it is only a waste of time.

The trial of Messrs. Richard and Walter Belt for conspiring to defraud Sir William Abdy was resumed and concluded at the Central Criminal Court on Monday. Richard Belt was found guilty of obtaining money by false pretences, and sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. Walter Belt was found not guilty.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S WORKS.

The collection of works by Mr. Holman Hunt, now on view at the Fine-Arts Society (148, New Bond-street), is in many respects the most important, as it is likely to become one of the most attractive, exhibitions of the season. Without counting the pen drawings, there are here assembled twenty-eight of the artist's works illustrative of the successive phases of his remarkable art. Of the two portraits with which the series commences it is unnecessary to speak; but in the scene from "The Eve of St. Agnes," painted in 1848, we get the first, though as yet uncertain, indications of his art. The pre-Raphaelite school was still in embryo, coming into existence only a few months later. Millais was still an Academy pupil; and Rossetti's first exhibited work did not appear until the following year. A wide interval separates "The Eve of St. Agnes" from "The Escape of the Christian Priests from the Druids" (1850), in which the dawn of Holman Hunt's power is marked in no uncertain tone. The figures, as in so much of his work, are of unequal value and finish; but it is impossible not to feel that the hand which could design the figure of the crouching child listening at the entry to the Sanctuary, and could render with such exquisite truth the flesh tints and texture of his naked body, had already attained a point of excellence little anticipated from the school of which Holman Hunt was, by that time, one of the acknowledged leaders. To the following year belongs the "Scene from 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'" (16), representing Valentine rescuing Sylvia from Proteus, Julia, in her page's disguise, looking on at the latter's repentance. The picture shows, in a marked manner, the strange struggle between realism and idealism which was going on in the painter's mind; and to each impulse we subsequently see him give way by turns in a more and more marked manner: to the former, in "The Awakened Conscience" (4), and to the latter in "The Afterglow in Egypt" (8). In the "Claudio and Isabella" (6), which also belongs to the year 1853, we obtain a further insight into the painter's method—his concentration of all his power upon the leading motive of the picture, to the absolute neglect of the remainder. It is scarcely possible to think that the same hand could throw so much passion into the woman's face, and at the same time leave her brother's as expressionless as a lay-figure. In the following year Mr. Holman Hunt, after two years of labour, produced "The Light of the World" (12), the picture by which he is probably best known, now the property of Keble College, Oxford. The minute care with which every flower and blade of grass is reproduced has often been objected to as obscuring, under petty details, the beauty of the whole, and calling attention away from the central idea of the picture to subsidiary elements. To this view it is now difficult to subscribe; and one can scarcely fail to feel the force of this conception of the Divine Master seeking, through the night of ignorance and sin, the sad to comfort and the sinner to save. "The Scapegoat" (20), with its weird scenery of the Dead Sea, carries us at once to a very different set of thoughts—and leaves behind a sense of misery and helplessness—which the contemporary picture of the "Strayed Sheep" (17), a bright sunlit scene of exquisite beauty, is needed to dispel. It is in this work, as well as in the "Hireling Shepherd" (7), that one sees Mr. Holman Hunt's appreciation of English landscape—making one regret that he should so often have had recourse to the strong contrasts of Syrian skies, as in the "Heights above Nazareth" (14)—and in other less localised works. "The Tuscan Girl" (10) on her way to school, straw-plaiting as she goes, whilst a dove has familiarly alighted on her shoulder, is one of the sweetest child-paintings of recent years. Its truthful simplicity is its chief charm; but, at the same time, it shows how, whilst remaining true to the doctrines of his school, Mr. Holman Hunt could produce a result which the most vivid impressionist might envy. Two other important works are to be found in this collection—"Isabella and the Pot of Basil" (18), painted in 1867; and "The Shadow of Death" (26), which was not completed until seven years later. In the former we cannot help admiring the amazing dexterity with which the accessories are finished—the carpet, the opalised water-jar, and the folds of the girl's drapery; but Isabella's face fails to impress us with the tragic sympathy her story arouses. In "The Shadow of Death" Mr. Holman Hunt seems definitely to have returned to the more realistic treatment of his earlier years. Every trivial detail of the carpenter's shop is brought out with as much emphasis as the Mother's sudden pang when, with sudden foreboding, turning from the Magi's gifts, she recognises the tragic fate which awaits her Son. Apart, however, from the symbolism and mysticism which Mr. Holman Hunt cultivates with so much care, one must not omit to recognise his appreciation of labour. Whilst the French artist, J. F. Millet, throws round the humblest occupations a delicate poetry which in no way detracts from their reality, Mr. Holman Hunt strikes a higher key, and shows work as the foundation of our religion—the starting-point of our better life. On the other works in this most interesting collection we need not dwell at length. Of the "Christ in the Temple" (19) there is only a small duplicate, differing in some details from the larger work, but preserving the rich colouring and elaborate details by which the latter won its world-wide renown. "London Bridge on the Night of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales" (24) is in all respects a remarkable work, with its carefully finished portraits (amongst which that of Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C., is most prominent) and its wild scene of tumultuous enjoyment; and "The Ship" (27) is another night effect of more peaceful purpose, happily carried out, displaying a feeling for colour which recalls some of his earlier works, when the influence of the old Venetian painters was strong upon him.

Messrs. David Murray and Colin Bent Phillip have been elected Associates of the Royal Society of Painters in Waters Colours.

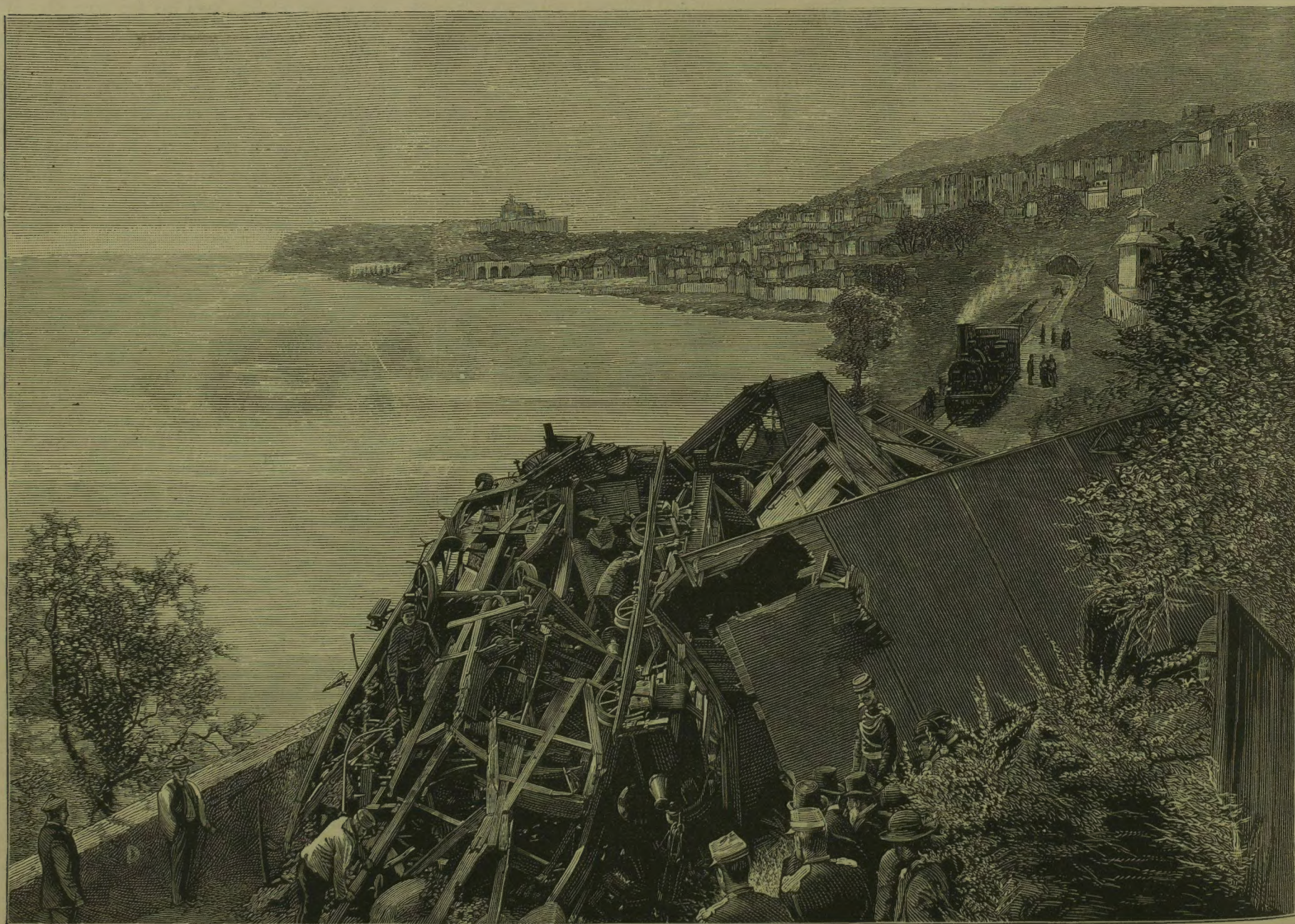
The Landseer Scholarships at the Royal Academy have been awarded to Mr. Barnard Rooke for painting, and to Mr. A. G. Walker for sculpture.

It is the intention of the Royal Water-Colour Society Art Club to hold an exhibition of the works of deceased members of the society, at 5A, Pall-mall East, on the 25th inst., and five following days. The collection of works from the earliest period of the society, in 1804, to the present date, will form an interesting series, showing the gradual development of the art in this country, to its present stage, combining power with delicacy, the latter quality attainable, perhaps, in a greater degree by this vehicle, than by any other.

At Cork, on Tuesday, upon the application of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross, the Rev. Charles Davis, and Mr. Thomas F. Brady, Inspector of Irish Fisheries, the grand jury unanimously granted £1000 towards the fund for the proposed industrial fishing school at Baltimore, county Cork. This is the first attempt in Ireland to establish a school for practical education in fish-curing and the various branches connected with fishing.



PART OF THE WRECK OF THE TWO TRAINS.



SCENE OF THE COLLISION: MONTE CARLO AND MONACO IN THE DISTANCE.

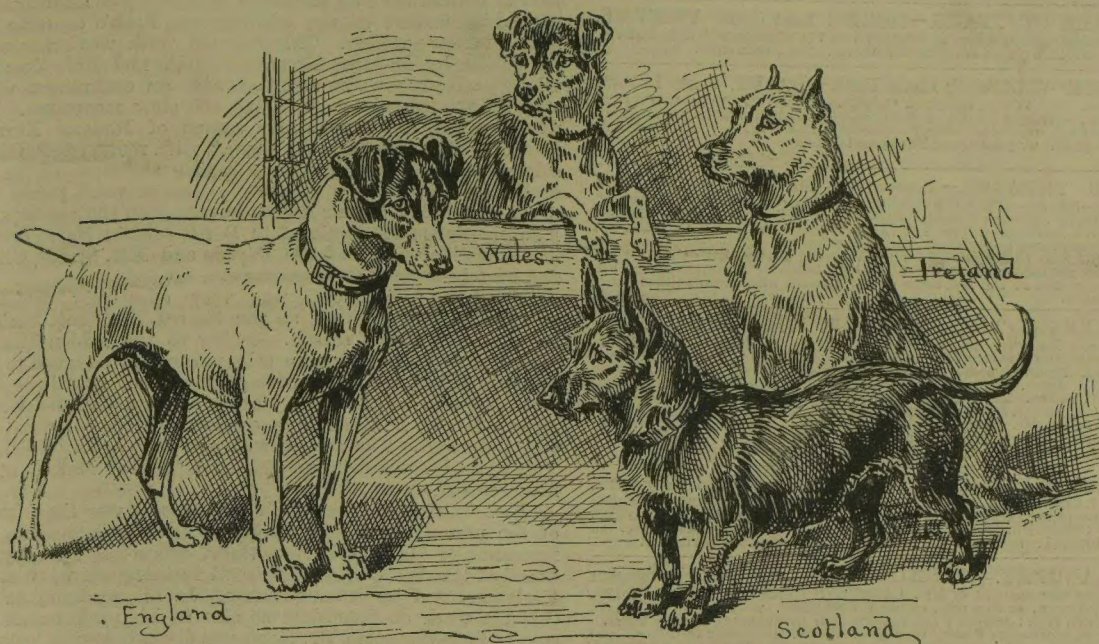
THE RAILWAY DISASTER IN THE RIVIERA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

TERRIER SHOW AT THE AQUARIUM.

The world of "Canaille," or "Doggerly," as Mr. Carlyle translates that word—which is only disparaging and contemptuous when it is applied to a human community—exemplifies a great many varieties of animal life and character in the one canine species. This remark has not escaped the notice of our poets; for Shakspeare, it will be remembered, where he makes Macbeth, speaking to the murderers, depreciate their claim to credit merely as men, brings in the argument from analogy that mankind are of diverse sorts; "as hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped all by the name of dogs"; and Goldsmith, in a pleasant ballad, referring to the multitude of

representing some of the ladies and gentlemen who come to inspect such a collection, and their personal relations to the dogs, will perhaps also bestow a little reflection upon these manifold aspects of the canine race, at least within the terrier denomination.

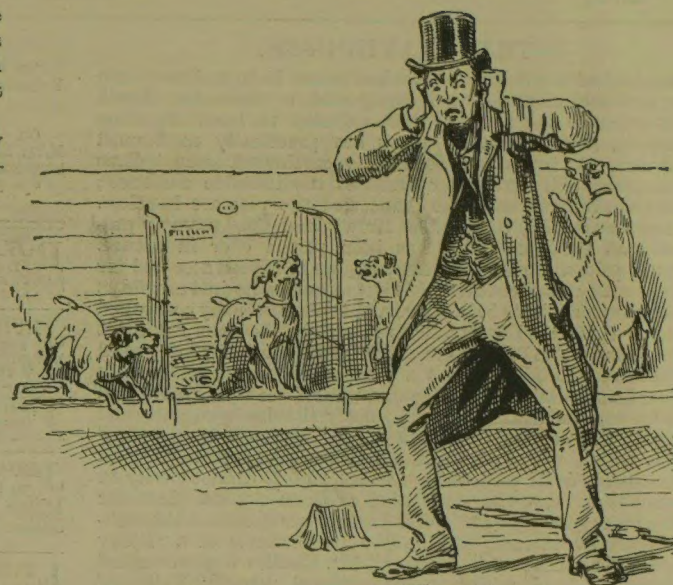
The Royal Aquarium, Westminster, which has on many occasions been the scene of dog shows of various kinds—of collies, bull-dogs, toy-dogs, and pugs, last week made "a new departure," when the first exhibition of terriers was opened to the public for three days. This show presented all the best features to which visitors of older exhibitions of a similar description are accustomed. The entries were over five hundred and fifty in number, and the animals, divided into fifty-



NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES.

dogs in a London suburb, enumerates the "mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and cur of low degree." There is, indeed, no distinct species of animal including varieties differing so much from one another in size, form, colour, faculties of sense, habits and capabilities of training for different purposes, and in their disposition towards the human "lords of creation,"

seven classes, were a most creditable collection. All the arrangements, including those for benching and feeding, were excellent; ample space was provided in the judging-rings; the wide avenues between the rows of benches allowed visitors to move about and examine the dogs with freedom and comfort; and the ventilation and lighting were good. The general arrangements, in the hands of Mr. C. Cruft, left nothing to be desired, except that at one period of the afternoon, owing to the influx of visitors, the stock of catalogues was temporarily exhausted. In the fifty-seven classes were represented all the terrier classes of the British Isles. English fox-terriers, smooth and rough coated, Airedales, Bedlington, bull-terriers, Scotch Dandie Dinmonts, Skyes and prick-eared terriers, red and wheaten-coloured Irish specimens, the Welsh type, black-and-tans, and toy terriers found place, and the quality throughout was of a very high order. The judges were Messrs. James Taylor, J. Pratt, J. C. Barnett, L. P. Astley, O. T. Hodges, and A. George; and Mr. W. R. Remington acted as superintendent of the show. Mr. J. R. Whittle's Champion Brookhouse Nick, and Dr. R. Turner Land's Rosebloom gained the Society's medals in the challenge classes for smooth fox-terriers; Mr. H. F. De Trafford's Champion Barton Wonder in the challenge class for white-haired fox-terriers; and Mr. H. A. Graves's Champion Playboy in the Irish terriers challenge class. Messrs. Maxwell and Cassell's The Welsher was awarded the silver cup in the old English terriers (dogs) class, Mr. A. Heelis's Leading Star took first prize in the English smooth-haired terriers class, Mr. B. Latham's Sir Edward carried off the black-and-tan terriers medal in that challenge class, and Mr. A. George's Queen of the May took the medal in the challenge class for bull-terriers, while in the open classes the first prize and silver cup went to Mr. S. Fielding's Trentham Dutch. The following bits of criticism are borrowed from the *Field*, which is an authority on such matters:—"The open dog class was a fairly strong one. Here Diver III., who proved more sprightly in the ring than at Hanley last week, was first, Poulton Planet second, and Raby Baffler third. Amongst the puppies and novices some fairly promising faces were apparent, the judge generally making the best of their



EFFECTS OF TERRIER CHORUS ON A GENTLEMAN UNUSED TO DOG-SHOWS.

possessors, as he did in the team competition. Here the struggle lay between Messrs. Maxwell's lot and that of Mr. De Trafford, the latter just winning. The uncropped Playboy won in Irish terrier champions rightly; but the likewise happily un mutilated Thady II. should have had an easy win in the open dog class; he is thoroughly a grand terrier, a little old, perhaps, still his whole ears give him an advantage; and Buster is neither good before nor behind, and can only be his superior in colour. The old-fashioned wire-haired black and tan terrier, Welsher, in his class, literally smothered all his opponents, of which, Ferneyhurst Sam, too big, thick in skull, and shiny in coat, was the most formidable. Nothing new came up in white English terriers of note, excepting Royal Tom, a strong, workmanlike dog for his variety. Black-and-tans were numerous, and several fair second-rate animals came forward. Sir Edward did not move well in the ring, and his thumb-marks are by no means well defined. It is gratifying to find the Dandie Dinmont Club offering all their special prizes for com-



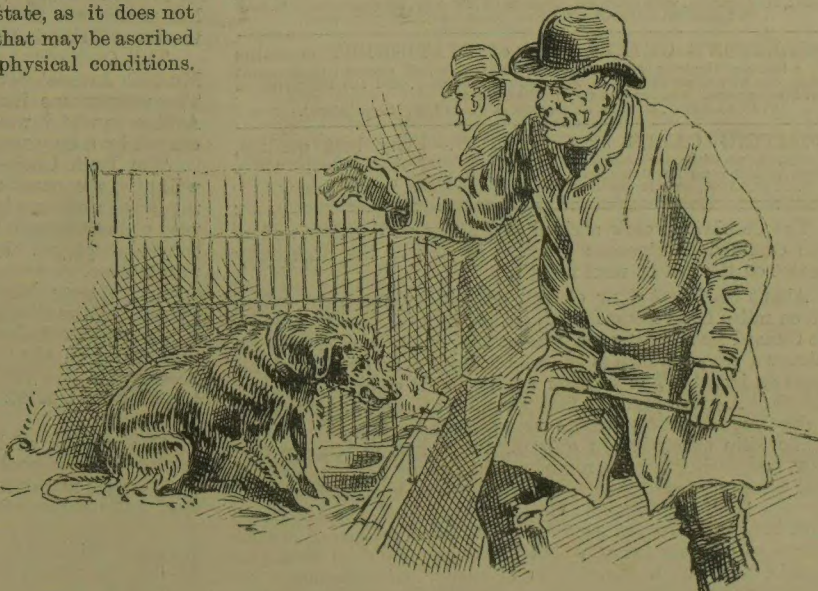
THE FIGHTING BREED.

our noble selves, who from time immemorial have found in the docile and affectionate dog an agreeable companion and a faithful and useful servant. This amazing diversity is probably the result of breeding in a domesticated state, as it does not appear in wild dogs beyond the variation that may be ascribed to effects of climate and other external physical conditions. If we compare, however, the mastiff or the deer-hound with the Blenheim spaniel, the Skye terrier, or any of the small varieties fancied as lap-dogs, it is almost impossible to realise that they belong to the same species, or to comprehend how any Darwinian process of development could have produced them from one stock without artificial direction. A general Dog Show, therefore, including all or many worthy kinds, is a spectacle of peculiar interest to a thoughtful observer of natural history. But, even in an exhibition limited to the varieties of terriers, of those dogs whose instincts and faculties lead them to pursue their prey by tearing up the surface of the soil or penetrating holes in the earth, there is wonderful diversity of appearance. Our readers, while they may be amused by the sketches on this page

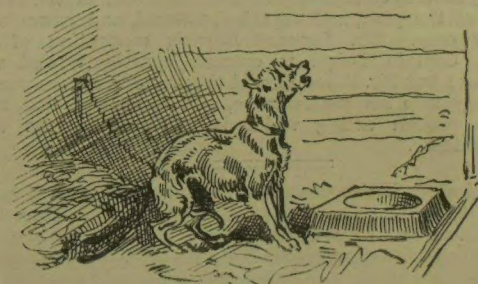


A LADY FANCIER.

petition to the public. We were surprised to see such a great show of Airedales, their divisions being well filled, numerically and otherwise, though, generally, the specimens were too big. The class for Yorkshires over 6lb. contained nothing of substantial merit; and there were no novelties in bull-terriers, the Hanley winner scoring again; Saucy Girl is full in eyes and wide in front, and was lucky to win in her class; Nell VI. we preferred much of the two. Rough and smooth toy-terriers mustered well in their divisions; but the quality was not high class, the competition in a great degree being confined to the London fancy; still, the winners were quite fair, though the Yorkshire Dreadnought looks the worse for wear. The remaining classes were of trivial importance."



UNAPPRECIATED ATTENTIONS.



LAMENTATION!

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The right of a minority to hiss has never been, and never can be, seriously disputed; but surely such a concession should not prejudice the right of the majority to hear. It often happens, nowadays, that plays are practically condemned unheard. At the outset, some silly catchword, some tedious scene, some obtrusive actor, irritates the irritable audience; and from that moment the chances of the play are hopeless. Many a worse play than "Doo, Brown, and Co.," recently produced at the Vaudeville, has been passed over in silence. Scenes quite as farcical and extravagant have been accepted for wit at many another theatre. Pantomime frolic just as wild as the "Two Macs" has been permitted to exist in many a so-called comedy theatre. But Mr. Rae's new play, that was not a bit worse than "The Private Secretary" when originally performed at the Prince's Theatre, not a bit more noisy, not a bit more "rough and tumble" in character, was selected as a victim, and used as a protest against farcical comedy, that has apparently had its day. The original French farce "Le Cabinet de M. Piperlin," from which many of Mr. Rae's scenes are borrowed, is an exceedingly droll piece of nonsense, and it cannot surely be denied that from the standpoint of these curious plays the acting was good enough. Miss Larkin was excellent throughout—earnest, intense, and gave a performance of a "frisky matron" redolent with humour. Mr. Charles Groves worked desperately hard with the conventional peppery Major, of course called "Peppercorn," who has flourished in every farce for the last century, and Mr. Charles Glenn left no stone unturned to secure success. In addition to all these, there was at the head of affairs Mr. Thomas Thorne, a past master in farce acting, who kept his little company well in hand. But a spirit of dissatisfaction prevailed in the house on the first night, and nothing could tempt out of its corner the merry spirit of laughter. It was a risky, dangerous play, no doubt: it depended more on its horse-play than its humour. The scene where the old solicitor and the fire-eating Major fight a duel in a restaurant with carving knives and forks should find an audience in a very amiable state of mind before attempting such an extravagant position, but by this time it is just possible that "Doo, Brown, and Co." may have found favour with many an audience. As was hinted above, "The Private Secretary," as originally arranged, was just as silly and noisy as the new farce at the Vaudeville. These plays are of the "touch-and-go" order. They may find an audience prepared to laugh at anything; they may meet with a house crowded with such as are determined to condemn. At the same time, it must never be forgotten that this is the end of every form of play when satiety has set in. The style of play that was vigorously applauded yesterday is as loudly hissed to-day.

At the Haymarket, Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" has been revived, with a cast containing such popular names as Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mr. Charles Brookfield, Mr. Maurice Barrymore, and Mrs. Chippendale. But the famous play has been received with but languid interest.

Recently the Parisians have been applauding a company of Spanish mandolinists and guitarists, whose selection of music is good and execution admirable. The Granados made their very first appearance in London at a private party given by Lord Charles Beresford; but they have since appeared, with considerable success, at the Alhambra, whose glories have been thoroughly revived under the management of Mr. Charles Morton. The comic part of the entertainment is amusing, but never vulgar; and the ballets have a European reputation. It would be difficult for Vienna itself to eclipse the ballets at the Alhambra, led with such enormous spirit by the delightful music of M. Jacobi.

It is pleasant to note that a decided popular and artistic success has been secured in "Sister Mary," the new play written by Messrs. Wilson Barrett and Clement Scott, and produced last week at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. The drama also met with distinguished success on its representation at Liverpool on Monday last. This result is the more gratifying to the practised playgoer because the new piece is not only unconventional in idea and treatment, but it has an unusual literary flavour. The writing of the dialogue is exceptionally good throughout, the prose sometimes becoming poetry. Indeed, this is a play which might be published with advantage, as its perusal by the fireside would afford almost as much pleasure as does its acting on the stage. This is high praise, but the writing of the work is so extremely well done that it should meet with full recognition. The "poetical justice" of the play has been called into question, and it has been urged in more than one quarter, but especially in Brighton, where injured virtue appears to have strong champions, that Captain Walter Leigh should have married Rose Reade, and that Mary Lisle should have become a Sister of Mercy, the fact that betrayer and betrayed have been separated for a number of years being entirely ignored. Let us suppose for a moment that Walter Leigh, repentant of his sin, but having no lingering affection for Rose, and having met and loved sweet "Sister Mary," to whom he is about to be married, is so foolish as to marry Rose. What good could come of such a union? The fact of Leigh's marriage with the woman whose trust he had betrayed would not make her an "honest woman," in the theatrical sense of the term. No amount of ceremony could do that. And what a mockery such a ceremony as this would be! We all know what a marriage without love generally ends in. Such a man as Leigh would go headlong to destruction under the circumstances. No longer loving Rose, with the object of his guilty past perpetually before him, and separated for ever from the one woman for whom he would give more than life, he would take to drinking brandy faster than ever, or, perhaps, seek a quicker and more effective means of obliterating the past. As it is, a man who is just going to the dogs is reclaimed by a good woman, who refuses to marry him when she learns his secret, and so long as the injured girl is alive. Obviously, there can only be one conclusion to such a story, and that lies in the death of Rose and the prospective marriage of Walter Leigh and "Sister Mary." The development of the story and the construction of the several scenes are alike admirable, and the play is well cast. Miss Lingard's portrayal of the heroine is the best example of her ability which this actress has yet given. Her Mary Lisle is charmingly simple and sweet in the earlier portions of the play, and dignified, natural, and powerful in the later ones. Mr. Leonard Boyne's conception of the reformed Captain Leigh is correct, consistent, and very interesting; but Mr. Boyne should throw a little more passion and energy into his performance, and beware of that fatal curse of modern acting which is indicated in the term "reserved force."

The Glasgow Underground Railway was opened on Monday. The line starts from Queen-street and goes through Partick to join the Dumbartonshire Railway.

The division in the Glasgow Free Presbytery on the debate on Mr. Finlay's bill to reconstruct the Church of Scotland was taken on the 11th inst., when sixty-five members voted for Dr. Adams's motion against the bill, and twenty-six for Mr. Scrimgeour's amendment in favour of the measure.

BIRTH.

On the 7th inst., at Whalley Range, Manchester, the wife of Charles F. R. Simpson, of Chitwarrah, Bengal, of a son.

DEATH.

On Jan. 17, at Spanish Town, Jamaica, Benjamin Henry Stammers, M.D., L.R.C.S., Edin., aged 55, eldest son of the late Hon. Copeland John Stammers, of Turks Island, Bahamas.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE TO ARTISTS.
The DAYS for RECEIVING PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, &c., are FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, MARCH 20, 27, and 29, and for SCULPTURE, TUESDAY, MARCH 30.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A. Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "Mourning in the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 33, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

JAPANESE VILLAGE, Hyde Park.—DAILY, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. The Village complete throughout. All amusements Free, at Twelve, Three, Five, and Eight. 100 Japanese Artificers. Native and Military Bands. Admission, One Shilling. Wednesdays, Half-a-Crown; after Six, 1s. Children Half-price. Originator and Managing Director, TANNAKER BUCHROSE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY LIVING.—FAUST.—EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight o'clock, FAUST, Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five. Seats can always be booked at the Theatre in advance; or by letter. Carriages at 10.30.

MR. LIVING begs to say, in answer to numerous letters that only a limited number of seats for the Lyceum Theatre are in the hands of Libraries. Seats can frequently be booked at the Box-office of the Theatre when not obtainable elsewhere.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at Eight, THE LORD HARRY, a New and Original Romantic Play (in Five Acts) by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Music by Mr. Edward Jones. Scenery by Messrs. Walter Hann and Stafford Hall. Costumes by V. Barthé. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Clyde, Hudson, Coote, Fulton, Bernage, Elliott, Evans, Barrington, De Solla, Carson, and George Barrett; Miss Lottie Venne, Mrs. Huntley, and Miss Eastlake. Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £9 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box-office, 9.30 till Five. No fees. Doors open 7.30. Carriages at 10.30. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. RUSSELL and BASHFORD.—A limited number of Standard English Comedies, commencing this (SATURDAY) EVENING at Eight o'clock, with SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. Mrs. BERNARD BEERE, Mrs. Chippendale, &c. In preparation, DENISE. Seats can now be booked. No fees.—HAYMARKET.

MRS. LANGTRY.—ENEMIES.—THE PRINCE'S.—Season under the management of Mrs. LANGTRY. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, a new Comedy-Drama, in five acts, entitled ENEMIES, written by Charles F. Coghlan, in which Mrs. LANGTRY and full company will appear (see daily papers). Doors open 7.40, commence Eight. Carriages, Eleven. Box-office (Mr. Hamilton) open Eleven to Five. Theatre lighted by electricity. MATINEE OF ENEMIES, SATURDAY NEXT, at Two.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE—Sole Proprietor, MR. EDGAR BRUCE.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT.
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, THREE and EIGHT.
Fautails, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1886, has much pleasure in announcing the following remarkable representations, for which purpose Mr. Fabian has already engaged—

Mesdames Isaac, " Galli-Marié, " Franck Duvernoy, " Mons. Bertin-Taufenberg, &c. In APRIL will be PERFORMED— LA GRANDE MOGUL. LA PETITE MARIEE. In MARCH— LALLA ROUKH. HAYDEE. CAÏMEN. LE TOREADOR, &c.	Mesdames Rose Delamann, Thulher-Léonor, " Noémie Vernon, LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE. LA MASCOTTE, &c. LE ROI LA DIT. GALATHEE. LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.
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THE INTERNATIONAL PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONACO, 1886.
GRAND INTERNATIONAL MEETING.

The Grand Prix de Cloture, an object of Art and 3500*fr.*, will be followed by a Third Series of Meetings until April. For full particulars, address M. A. BLODIN, Secretary, Pigeon-Shooting, Monte Carlo.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

This is pursued during the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.
MONTE CARLO is supplied with the following superior Hotels—Grand Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria, Hôtel des Anglais, Grand Hôtel de Monte Carlo, Hôtel de Russie, Beau Rivage, &c.; and furnished villas, together with excellent apartments, are to be obtained.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6*d.* (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
CHEAP EXPRESS SERVICE WEEK-DAYS AND SUNDAYS.
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m.
Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
Powerful paddle-steamers, with excellent cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.
Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.
(By order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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VISITING CARDS by CULLETON.—Fifty best quality, 2s. 8*d.*, post-free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 30 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6*d.*
T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

The Cambridge crew arrived at Putney on Tuesday, and at once commenced vigorous practice, in view of the University contest on the 3rd of next month.

About half-past four o'clock on Sunday morning, when fifteen miles from Long Island, on her way to New York City, the Cunard steamer Oregon was struck on the port side by an unknown vessel, which is believed to have gone down with all hands on board. The weather was perfectly clear and the sea smooth. A great panic at first prevailed among the passengers of the Oregon, most of whom were asleep, but this the officers of the ship succeeded in quieting; and her passengers and crew, numbering nearly nine hundred, were put on board a pilot-boat and a schooner, whence they were shortly afterwards transferred to the German Lloyd's steamer Fulda, and in about eight hours the Oregon sank in twenty-two fathoms of water, carrying down her cargo, worth about one hundred thousand pounds, and five hundred bags of mails. The diamonds on board were saved. Divers report that the Oregon has broken in two, and that portions of her cargo are floating on the water. Several additional mail-bags have been recovered.

MUSIC.

The sudden collapse of the scheme of Italian opera at Her Majesty's Theatre last Saturday week, and the disgraceful scenes that took place on the premature stoppage of the performance of "Faust," have already been recorded by us. Such abortive schemes as this not only inflict wrong on many individuals, but also raise distrust in after attempts that may possibly have an assured basis.

Signor Piatti's reappearance at the Popular Concerts after his complete recovery from the accident to his arm, sustained during last summer, was recorded by us last week. He made his second appearance this season at last Saturday's afternoon performance, and his third at the concert of the following Monday evening, when he again proved the perfect restoration of his exceptional qualities as a violoncellist by his fine performance of Beethoven's duet sonata in A major, Op. 69, the pianoforte part of which was well sustained by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The chief feature of the evening was Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins. This fine old work was rendered to perfection by Madame Norman-Néruda and Herr Joachim, whose performance was received with an enthusiasm which was acknowledged by repeating the slow movement. This was the last appearance this season of Madame Norman-Néruda. Miss Zimmermann played, with much effect, Grieg's solo sonata in E minor, besides having accompanied the concerto; and Miss Hope Glenn contributed vocal pieces with much expression, Signor Romili having been the accompanist. Mendelssohn's string quintet in B flat—led by Herr Joachim, in association with Madame Néruda and MM. Straus, Gibson, and Piatti—closed the programme.

Haydn's "Creation" was very effectively performed yesterday (Friday) week at the Sacred Harmonic Society's fifth concert of the season. Owing to the sudden illness of Miss Griswold, the soprano solo music was assigned to Miss Annie Marriott, who sang with great success, as did the other principal solo vocalists, Mr. Harper Kearton and Mr. Watkin Mills. Mr. W. H. Cummings conducted with his usual care and judgment. The society will give Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the next concert, on April 16.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert was the fifteenth of the present series. It included Mr. R. Gompertz's performance of Mr. Mackenzie's violin concerto, originally produced at the Birmingham Festival last August, when it was finely executed by Señor Sarasate. In his rendering of this difficult work on Saturday, as also in his performance of a solo by Señor Sarasate, Mr. Gompertz displayed much technical skill, and gained deserved applause. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel were the vocalists.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society celebrated Ash Wednesday, last week, by a grand performance of "The Messiah," in which Miss A. Williams and Mr. Ben Davies sang, respectively, the soprano and tenor solo music, in replacement of Madame Valleria and Mr. Winch (absent through illness). Madame Patey and Mr. Burgon were the other solo vocalists, and Mr. Barnby conducted, as usual.—At the same time, a sacred concert, organised by Mr. John Boosey, was given at St. James's Hall, the programme of which comprised a selection of sacred pieces, vocal and choral, rendered by eminent vocalists.

Mr. William Carter gave one of his national concerts this week at the Royal Albert Hall, in celebration of St. Patrick's Day. The programme included the names of Madame Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in London this season), Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and other well-known artists. Simultaneously with this, an Irish ballad concert was given at St. James's Hall.

Mr. Kennedy's second entertainment, "The Songs of Scotland," took place at St. James's Hall on Thursday week, when the programme was devoted to "A nicht wi' the Jacobites." The third and the last of the series was given on Tuesday evening, and was styled "A nicht wi' Burns."

The Royal College of Music gave another students' concert on Tuesday evening, when the programme comprised orchestral pieces, effectively rendered by a complete band, chiefly consisting of students. Vocal pieces were well sung by Misses Belcher, Drew, Davies, and Price, and Mr. Ridding. Miss Crabtree distinguished herself by a successful performance of Henselt's pianoforte concerto, as did Miss Philpot by her execution of a concerto by Rheinberger for organ, with three horns and string orchestra. Professor C. V. Stanford conducted. The college is evidently making good artistic progress.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave the last of their series of vocal recitals at Prince's Hall on Tuesday evening, when a varied programme was effectively rendered by them, singly, and in association—the selection having included Mr. Henschel's characteristic "Serbisches Liederspiel," in which Mrs. Henschel, Miss L. Little, Mr. I. M'Kay, and Mr. Thorndike were the vocalists.

Herr Bonawitz gave another of his interesting historical recitals of old and modern pianoforte music, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street, on Thursday afternoon; the next, and last of the series, being appointed for April 8.

The second concert of the seventy-fourth season of the Philharmonic Society took place at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening. The programme included an overture composed by Signor Bottesini, entitled "Graziella," given for the first time in England. The composer, the unrivalled performer on the double-bass, was also to play a solo on his instrument.

Madame Jenny Viard-Louis, the eminent pianist, will hold her nineteenth meeting, for the performance of Beethoven's works, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, this (Saturday) afternoon.

This (Saturday) evening the fortieth performance of the Musical Artists' Society will take place at Willis's Rooms. The programme includes the string quartet by Mr. Algernon Ashton to which was awarded the prize of twenty-five guineas offered by a lady member of the society.

The Bach Choir—now conducted by Mr. C. V. Stanford—will give a concert at St. James's Hall, next Thursday evening, when a cantata by Bach, Beethoven's "Elegischer Gesang," part of Schumann's "Faust" music, and Joachim's Hungarian concerto, played by himself, will form an interesting programme.

Mr. Walter Wesché will give a concert next Tuesday evening at the Blüthner Room, Kensington Gardens-square.

Senor Cor-de-Lass, who has achieved a well-merited reputation on the Continent, will give a piano recital in the Kensington Townhall, next Wednesday evening, in aid of the building fund of St. Mary's Church, Stamford-brook, W.

The number of live stock and the quantity of fresh meat landed at Liverpool during last week from the United States and Canada amounted to 993 cattle, 178 sheep, 8342 quarters of beef, and 646 carcasses of mutton.

In the Queen's Bench Division, on the 12th inst., the action for libel brought by Mr. John Bryce, for some time Minister for Native Affairs in the New Zealand Government, against Mr. G. W. Rusden, author of the work "History of New Zealand," was concluded, the plaintiff being awarded £5000. An application to stay execution was refused.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, March 16.

The interpellation of M. Camélinat on the Decazeville strike, which still continues, fomented by Socialist agitators, has been the great event of the Parliamentary week. On Saturday, the discussion lasted six hours, and ended in inextricable complication. There are eight of ten working men deputies, on the Left of the House, who have made strikes their specialty, and the stirring up of war between labour and capital their unique end in life. These deputies—thanks to the system of interpellation—were able to propose a reform in the ownership of mines, either confiscation for the benefit of the miners, or of the State; in short, the beginning of a system of expropriation which would, by the same train of reasoning, be applicable to the railways, the Crédit Foncier, and the State and city loans. The curious thing is that, in presence of this attack upon their interests, the majority of the Chamber could not give a vote that signified anything; the Ministry seemed to lose its head; and the debate was adjourned for want of a conclusion. Yesterday, after long *pourparlers* and a previous arrangement amongst the groups, an Order of the Day was finally voted, by 379 against 100, requesting the Government "to maintain order, liberty of labour, and respect of property." Such manifestations of Parliamentary confusion and of want of will and ideas on the part of the Ministry as those of last Saturday are not without danger in a nation like the French, enervated by profound political scepticism. The speech of the Minister of War, in which he drew a picture of the soldiers and the Decazeville strikers fraternising over rations, has produced a very bad impression. The troops have been sent to Decazeville to preserve order and to protect property. It is, therefore, not their business to hob-nob with the rioters. But General Boulanger appears to have very new ideas about the army of the Republic, into which he is introducing all kinds of reforms. The army, he says, forms no longer a distinct caste, since military service has become obligatory for all citizens. The last reform is an order for soldiers of all arms to let their beards grow.

The Municipal Council of Paris has voted a sum of 10,000*fr.* for the relief of the Decazeville miners, as a mark of sympathy with their claims. The Council considers it to be its duty to keep up the *culte* of revolution in all its forms, and for that purpose it has founded a Professorship of Revolution. The Professor, M. Aulard, receives a salary of 12,000*fr.* a year, and is to give three lessons a week. "The Chair of the Revolution," as it is called, was inaugurated last Thursday at the Sorbonne. The young Professor did not make a very startling début, and seemed to be divided between two cares: the desire to please the Municipal Council on the one hand, and the fear of shocking the University on the other. "The Revolution," he said, "is a mirror in which France sees herself in miniature. . . . France was never more herself than during that epoch—the most accursed, the most adored, the most living in our history." On the other hand, M. Aulard's admiration of the Revolution is not "mystical, and almost brutal"; nor will his method of treating the subject resemble the pretended scientific method of that other professor of Revolution, M. Taine, whom M. Aulard compared to a painter who should paint the wrestlers enlaced in furious combat, and then efface one of them; there would remain on his canvas merely the image of a raving madman. This excellent criticism of M. Taine was the best thing in this opening lecture, which attracted a large public of deputies, professors, and students.

The beginning of Lent has been marked by the usual slackening of festivities, not that the Parisians are very strict in observing the fast, but because it is fashionable not to dance during the period of abstinence, and to restrict social enjoyment to musical and dramatic soirées. Yesterday the sending of pictures to the Salon ended with the usual charivari and boisterous joking around the door of the Palais de l'Industrie. More than 5000 pictures have been sent in, out of which the jury will select 2500.

In May there are to be grand fêtes at Paris, and all Europe is requested by the committee of the Fêtes of Industry and Commerce to come to Paris and spend money for the benefit of the poor Parisian shopkeepers. The programme of the fêtes, which will begin May 16, and last until May 30, comprises gala performances at the State theatres, day and night fêtes at the Palais Royal and in the garden of the Tuileries, fêtes at the Hotel de Ville, and a military carousal on the Champ de Mars. There is talk also of a wonderful historical cortège through the streets of the capital.

The question of the building of district railways in Paris is to be submitted to the Cabinet Council very shortly by the Minister of Public Works. The Ministerial project is a modification of the plan recently developed by M. Paul Haag. M. Haag remarks that there are two groups of railway stations in Paris—the Western, Northern, and Eastern on the one hand, and the Vincennes, Lyons, and Orleans on the other. His plan is to unite these stations by a main line running from the Gare Saint Lazare, crossing the Boulevard Poissonnière, passing near the central market, and so to the Quai des Celestins and the Gare de Lyon, along the Seine. A branch line would run to the Northern and Eastern stations, another to the Orleans station, another to the Gare Mont-Parnasse, and thence through Grenelle to the Porte Maillot. These lines would run on viaducts, with the exception of short distances of tunnels or cuttings; and to make way for the viaducts new avenues would be cut through Paris, thus preserving the aspect of the boulevards and of the city generally as it now is. The cost of the necessary expropriations is estimated at 350 millions of francs, and of the construction of the railway at 100 millions.

The cold weather and north-easterly winds continue in Paris, and the meteorologists announce that the thermometric average will be lower this month than it was in the month of February. This phenomenon is abnormal, but not unparalleled. Since 1740 it has been observed thirteen times, and of late it seems to be becoming less rare. In 1869, 1877, 1883, 1885, the average temperature in March was from one to four degrees lower than in February. Since the beginning of the century, the minimum temperature has happened five times in the month of March, and not in December, January, or February. This phenomenon can only be attributed to special influences.

The first list of subscriptions for the foundation of the "Institut Pasteur," published in the *Journal Officiel*, amounts to 242,336*fr.*

Sunday was the King of Italy's forty-second birthday, in honour of which a review was held.

The marriage of the Crown Prince of Portugal with the Princess Marie Amélie of Orleans is announced to take place in Lisbon on May 15.

An earthquake shock was felt in Granada on Sunday night.

The Emperor of Germany on Saturday last received Prince Bismarck, who also a day or two before had an audience of the Crown Prince, in reference to business before the two Parliaments now sitting in Berlin.—The Berlin Academy of Sciences has contributed eight thousand marks in aid of the funds to enable Lieutenant Baron Von Diest to carry out the

projected exploration of part of Northern Asia Minor, especially the environs of Pergamon.—The Reichstag has passed the bill by which, in future, all persons, who, after being condemned and suffering punishment, are proved to be innocent, will be indemnified by the State.

The Swedish Diet has rejected the bill proposing a duty on corn by 181 votes against 164: and that for imposing a duty on meal by 236 against 107.

A foraging party of friendly Arabs, sent out from Suakim on Saturday last, captured the enemy's camp in the Hasheen Valley. It then proceeded towards Handoub, upon which the hostile Arabs reformed, and an encounter ensued, in which the latter were defeated with a loss of thirty killed.

We learn from New York that Mr. Austin Flint, the president of the International Medical Congress, died last Saturday from cerebral apoplexy.—About midnight on Saturday last, as a train was proceeding through Illinois, some men entered the car appropriated to the United States Express Company, without being noticed, murdered the agent by beating him with a poker, and escaped from the car while the train was in motion, carrying with them forty packages of jewellery and £4000 in cash.

The tramcar employés in Toronto, Canada, have struck, and rioting occurred there on Friday last week. The strike was, however, compromised, and work has been resumed.

RAILWAY DISASTER IN THE RIVIERA.

A terrible accident, which caused the loss of seven or eight lives, took place on Wednesday week between Monaco (Monte Carlo) and Mentone, on the railway along the beautiful Riviera, which extends from Nice to Genoa, on the shore of the Mediterranean. Two trains running in opposite directions, which should have passed each other in a siding at the Rocca-bruna (Roguebrune) Station, were permitted, by a mistake of signalling, to come into collision, about two hundred yards from Monte Carlo, where the approach of the train from Nice was concealed by a curve of the line and a tunnel in the rock projecting towards the sea. The danger was beheld, indeed, but without a chance of preventing it, by several hundred persons standing on the high ground at Monaco and Monte Carlo, which commands a view of the entire shore of the bay, stretching about three miles eastward, towards Cape St. Martin. Rocca-bruna, two miles from Monte Carlo, is situated in the inner recess of this bay, nearly halfway from Monaco to Mentone. It was frightful to look on from a distance and see the two trains approaching each other, at full speed, on the single line. The station-master at Monte Carlo perceived it, just after the train had started towards Rocca-bruna; he ordered bells to be rung, and men to shout, to stop the train, but they were not heard. The driver of the other train, coming from Rocca-bruna, when he saw the train coming from Monte Carlo, reversed his engine, but this did not prevent a collision. The two trains met, with all the force of the one still keeping its course; they crashed together, tilted up against each other, and three passenger-carriages, with the luggage-van of the train from Nice, were hurled off the embankment to the rocks, sixty feet below. Fortunately, there were only three persons in these carriages. Four carriages of the train from Mentone were shattered and piled on each other, on the side of the hill; the two engines were smashed together and destroyed. The persons killed on the spot, or who died soon afterwards, were Dumergue, the engine-driver, Ferraud, the guard, and Laurent, the stoker, of the train from Mentone; M. Novaro, of Ventimiglia, a very old gentleman, and Madame Prieur, an old lady, among the passengers; and two or three other deaths are since reported. More than twenty passengers were injured, most of them seriously; they were promptly carried to the Casino at Monte Carlo, where the Director-General, M. Chartran, arranged for their accommodation in some of the rooms at the Hôtel de Paris. By permission of Messrs. Catalani and Girardin, the proprietors, these rooms were converted into a temporary hospital, where, with the attendance of surgeons and nurses, and with all needful appliances, everything possible was done for the relief or cure of the sufferers. We present several illustrations of this disaster, showing the heaped-up wreck of the carriages as they tumbled down the stone wall of the embankment to the sea; and a View of Monte Carlo and Monaco in the distance.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Princess Louise, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, opened a new ragged school in a very poor part of Deptford on the 12th inst. A presentation of purses in aid of the building fund was afterwards made.

There was a large gathering on Monday in the neighbourhood of the City-road, upon the occasion of the opening, by Princess Henry of Battenberg, of a new wing to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest. The additional structure has been built at a cost of something like £12,000, about £5000 of which remain to be subscribed. It was announced that £500 had been contributed to the funds by those who attended the ceremony.

Lord Wantage has given twenty acres of land at Blewbury, near Wallingford, for the site of the Gordon Memorial Industrial Schools.

The Lord Chancellor will preside at the thirteenth annual general meeting of the Barristers' Benevolent Association, on April 7, in the Middle Temple Hall.

At the meeting of the Royal Literary Fund, held last week, the Earl of Derby in the chair, it was stated that fifty-one grants, to the amount of £2265, had been made during the year, and that the Earl of Idlesleigh would be chairman of the dinner this year.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain S. Svendsen, master of the barque Erling, of Lillesand, Norway, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the Empress of India, of Liverpool, which foundered at sea on Jan. 26.

Dr. E. C. Thompson, of the Tyrone Infirmary, Omagh, has been presented by Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar with the silver medal recently conferred upon him by the Chapter of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in recognition of his self-devotion in saving the life of a child suffering from malignant diphtheria by sucking the diphtheritic membrane out of the patient's throat after the operation of tracheotomy had been performed.

A meeting in support of King's College Hospital was held yesterday week at the Mansion House—the Lord Mayor presiding. The Duke of Cambridge, as president of the hospital, moved a resolution that the hospital deserved hearty support, which was seconded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and supported by Mr. J. G. Hubbard, and was unanimously adopted, as was another affirming the great need of means to support this institution, placed, as it is, in a very poor neighbourhood.

Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G., has been appointed Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, in the room of Sir E. Henderson.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The marriage of Princess Beatrice has had the effect of adding her Royal Highness to the other members of her family as distinguished personages available for minor ceremonial functions. The Princess appeared for the first time in London in this capacity on Monday, at the opening of the new wing of the City-road Hospital for Diseases of the Chest. This institution has the distinction of being the first hospital founded in London for that class of complaints. It was inaugurated in 1814 by the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent. The City-road has changed vastly in the seventy years that have since elapsed. Somewhere about that time, the Lambs took their cottage in this neighbourhood, in order to enjoy country air and quiet. Alas! there is neither fresh air nor silence anywhere near there now; but streets upon streets of tiny tenements, with only great warehouses and workshops to break the monotony. Crowded, and dirty, and squalid is most of that region to-day. Such a pitiful crowd it was through which the Princess passed into the building! Consumption, and bronchitis, and heart disease brought about by rheumatism, are sure to abound in such a locality. So that if, on the one hand, the City-road seems about the last place suitable for a large hospital for a disease so dependent on fresh air for its alleviation as consumption is, on the other hand, there is the excellent argument for its erection here that it stands in the midst of a thronging, suffering, poverty-stricken population, who need its aid.

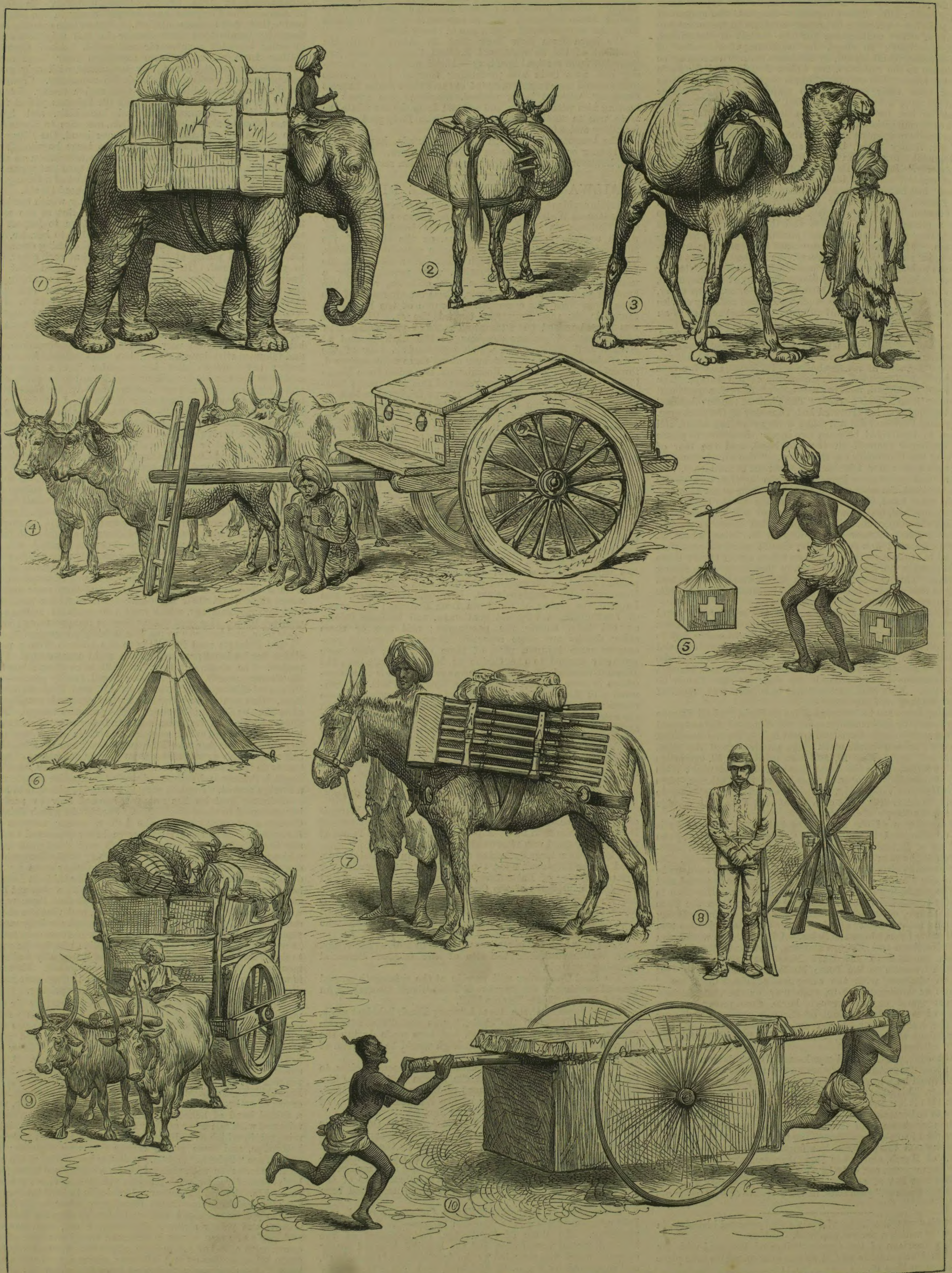
The Princess came with that punctuality which has been well called "the politeness of Royalty." But as she went first to a short service in the chapel, and then to inspect the wards and have the medical staff presented to her, we, the guests, in the large ward where the formal opening ceremony took place, had plenty of time to look well at each other, and to get very tired. In that interval, I noticed that the Lady Mayoress wore a long sealskin coat reaching to the ground, with a bonnet covered in brown and gold satin, and trimmed with a brown bird's breast; that Mrs. Gosnell, the wife of the vice-chairman of the charity, was superb in a great many diamonds, a short mantle of gold brocade on brown, trimmed with brown marabout feathers, a bonnet covered in the very fashionable tinsel-threaded lace, and trimmed with brown ribbon bows and marguerites, and a brown satin dress; that her daughter had a sage-green cashmere dress, with brocade underskirt, a brown plush coat, and a high sage-green straw hat, trimmed with ribbon velvet bands, and a cluster of feathers at the back. I wondered why the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs do not put on all their glory for such an occasion. And I shuddered at the bull's-eyes of ground glass through which the only gas-lights in the place are to glower out from the walls, like gigantic cold eyes, on nervous, feeble patients, all through the long winter nights.

At last, the Royal party came. The Princess looked very nice and sweet and happy, but she was dressed without finish in detail. She had a plain gown of a rich violet velvet, and a tight-fitting jacket to match. The jacket was "half long," coming not quite to the knees; it looked strange, because we have, for some years, been unused to this particular length. The jacket was trimmed down the front with black bear, but the muff which the Princess carried was of racoon, that grizzly brown fur being entirely unsuited to every part of the rest of her costume. Her bonnet was made with a coronet brim, edged with small beads, and was trimmed simply with a fold of the violet velvet; the strings were narrow violet ribbon, and their loose bow was fixed with a pearl pin, matching the earrings, which were two splendid pear-shaped pearls. Prince Henry of Battenberg is disappointing; he is quite slim, and he looks so massive in his photographs.

The Princess read her reply to the address from a paper which her husband produced at the right moment out of his pocket. She spoke out well, but with more than a touch of the German accent, which all our Royal family possess—the Prince of Wales, perhaps, most of all, and Princess Louise least. One cannot be surprised at the guttural sounds, for, after all, the German language is their natural tongue. They always speak it in the home circle, and they write their family letters in it; all their cousins and their aunts are pure German, their father was German, two of their grandmothers and one of their grandfathers were mighty potentates of petty States in Deutschland. It is not wonderful, then, that the English Princes and Princesses speak the English tongue with a foreign accent, though it may not be quite pleasant to hear.

Princess Beatrice has not yet learned how to perform her part well in these ceremonies. She should watch Princess Christian at such work. She had a rather nervous air throughout. When the purses were being presented to her, she turned quite aside from the table and stood chatting in whispers to her husband; not even looking at the disappointed carefully-dressed ladies and children as they came up and deposited their new red-leather purses on the table in front of her; far less receiving them individually, with a pleasant bow, as she should have done. She quite forgot that those purses were supposed to be presented to herself, and that she should accept each of them with as courteous an acknowledgment as though they had been so many bouquets for her own delectation. It was funny to see Prince Henry uncertain whether he ought to sing "God Save the Queen," and mumbling gently under his moustache the compliment to his mother-in-law. However, it was a new experience for both of them; if they were rather nervous and made a few mistakes, it is not surprising.

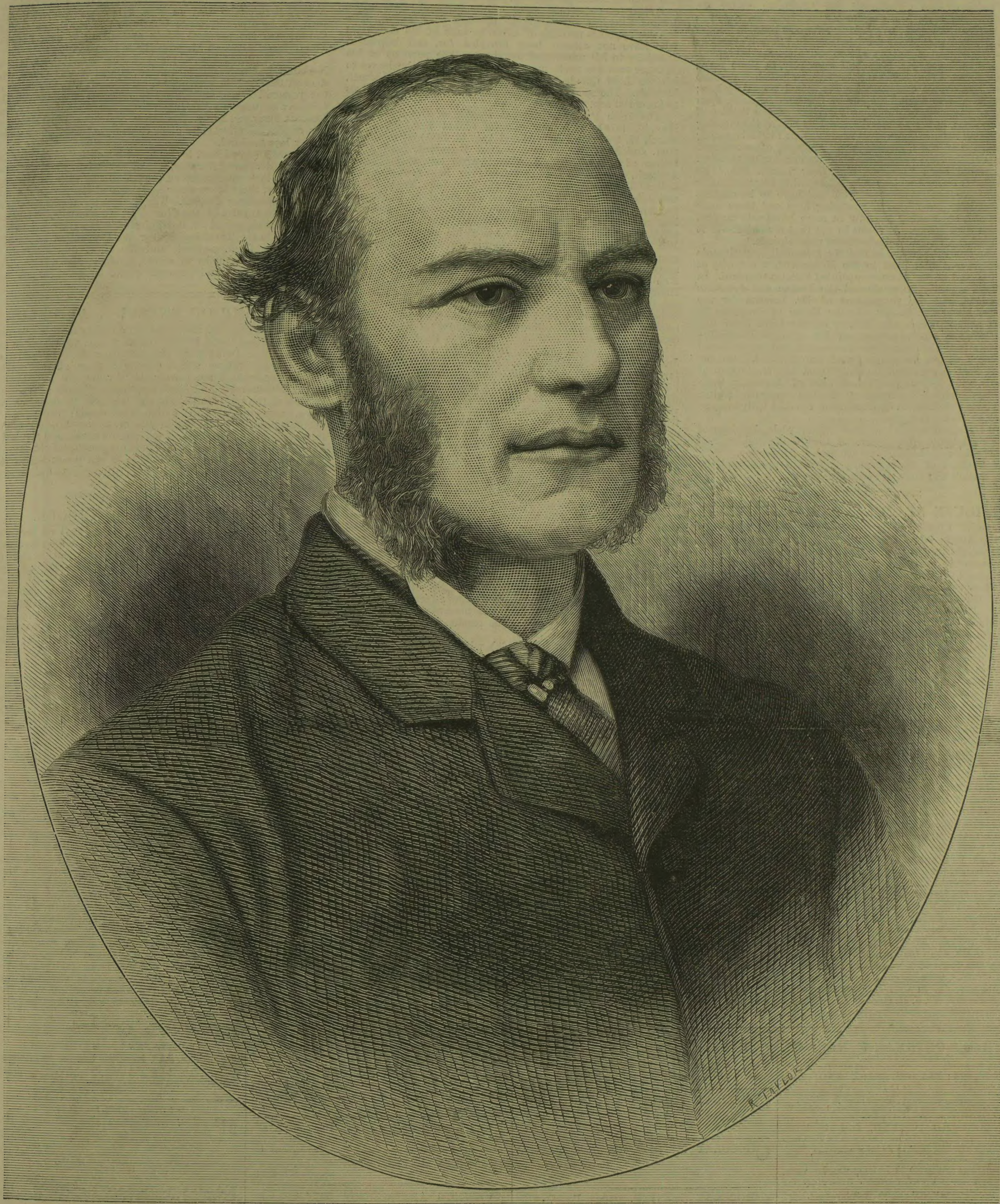
Madame Isabel has initiated a new departure in the millinery trade. Having just returned from Paris with a supply of model bonnets, she has sent out invitations to a "private view" in her prettily decorated shop, and given afternoon tea to her patronesses who attended. Yellow and heliotrope are the principal colours in the models. A new shade of the delicate mauve now called heliotrope has a pinkish tint in it, and is named "Ophelia," in honour of the Bernhardt's attempt in "Hamlet." An exquisite bonnet has a crown of embroidery in gold thread and mauve floss silk, with a folded band of heliotrope velvet forming the front, and is trimmed with tall bows of the "Ophelia" tinted ribbon, intermingled in which are slipper orchids, shaded from yellow to heliotrope, and some yellow osprey forms an aigrette; the strings are "Ophelia" ribbon. Another has a brim of old gold straw interwoven with violet chenille, a coffee-lace crown, and high bows of yellow, with mingled yellow and violet jonquils twisted in. A third has a crown of gold wire twisted into rounds with lace stitches across them; folded grey velvet for the front; a large yellow marabout feather and osprey aigrette for trimmings; and yellow strings. An effective hat, high crowned and made of green straw, is trimmed round the base of the crown with a fold of white tulle, above which comes a fold of green tulle that has an end left loose, about a yard and a half long. This streamer is to depend from the right side of the hat, to drape across the breast, and fasten on the left shoulder with a spray of flowers. The hat is further trimmed with a large spray of white wisteria, which mounts up to the very top of the crown at the back, rather to the left side. Paris models always have to be much altered for English taste. The weather is so backward that it is really not possible yet for me to tell my readers what our spring bonnets will be. F. F. M.



1. Elephant loaded with commissariat stores, carries 1000 lb.
4. Treasure tumbril of Northumberland Fusiliers, holds 100,000 rupees.
7. New spare arm-rack, carries twelve rifles and accoutrements.

2. Mule carrying officer's kit: tent, 80 lb.; kit, 80 lb.
5. Hospital banyan, carries 80 lb.
8. Colour-stand, outside guard-room. 9. Country cart.

3. Camel loaded with three new E.P. tents; total weight, 390 lb.
6. New service tent, weighs 130 lb.; shelters eight men.
10. The new bicycle-wheeled dhooly, for rapidly carrying the sick.



THE RIGHT HON. LORD HERSCHELL, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

The great judicial and political office of Lord High Chancellor was offered by Mr. Gladstone to Sir Henry James, who was Attorney-General in the last Liberal Ministry; but was declined by that learned gentleman, as he recently explained to his constituents at Bury, from his objection to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. It was therefore bestowed upon Sir Farrer Herschell, the Solicitor-General of Mr. Gladstone's former Government; and this appointment is generally regarded with much satisfaction, both among members of the Liberal Party and those of the legal profession.

The new Lord Chancellor, who has been created a Peer by the title of Baron Herschell, is the Right Hon. Sir Farrer Herschell, Kt., son of a well-known London clergyman, the late Rev. Ridley H. Herschell, by Helen, daughter of Mr. William Mowbray, of Edinburgh. He was born in 1837, and was educated at the University of Bonn and the University of

London, where he graduated B.A. in classical honours in 1857. In Michaelmas Term, 1860, he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and at once joined the Northern Circuit. Like many of those whose after career at the Bar has proved a distinguished success, he employed much of his spare time as a law reporter, in the Court of Queen's Bench, contributing to four volumes of the "New Reports," from 1862 to 1865. He was also for some time editor of a contemporary journal. The first opportunity of professional distinction appears to have come to him in 1867. *Yglesias v. The Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation* was an action on a policy of insurance on a cargo of cochineal, and other things, shipped in the Canary Islands. The main ground upon which the claim (which amounted to £30,000) was resisted was that the goods were not lost by the perils insured against, the suggestion being that the so-called cochineal was nothing of the kind, but only barley. A joint

commission was sent out to the Canaries, and the defendants were represented there by Mr. Herschell. Interrogatories and cross-interrogatories, the latter being Mr. Herschell's work, were sent out with the commission; but these were not thought sufficient by the plaintiff's counsel, who exhibited 200 additional questions in the *locus in quo*, to which Mr. Herschell then and there replied by 800 more. The case was ultimately lost by Mr. Herschell's clients; but he had gained a solid reputation, and thenceforth was employed in other important commercial cases. In 1872 he became a Queen's Counsel, and was elected a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in the same year. His first appearance as a leader was in the great Appleby will case of *Fulton v. Andrew*, which ultimately went to the House of Lords. The House decided in favour of Mr. Herschell's client, that a jury may find that a testator did not know and approve of the contents of his will, although the attesting witnesses may

swear that it was in fact read over to him. In this, and other cases, the new leader showed himself a man of capacity and learning, and his appointment to the Recorder'ship of Carlisle, in 1873, was almost a matter of course. In June, 1874, Mr. Herschell was elected M.P. for the city of Durham, and has faithfully acted with the Liberal Party. He first distinguished himself in the House of Commons, in 1876, by his speech on the Fugitive Slave Circular of the Admiralty, under Mr. Disraeli's Government, ordering the commanders of her Majesty's ships to give up escaped slaves taking refuge on board in foreign ports. He took part also in the debate on Mr. Plimsoll's motions for the amendment of the laws with regard to merchant shipping. As a law reformer Mr. Herschell especially, in those years, brought forward the abolition of actions for breach of promise of marriage, except compensation for actual pecuniary loss; he sought also to amend the law of Coroners' inquests, upon which he particularly dwelt, as President of the Section of Jurisprudence, in the address delivered by him at the meeting of the Social Science Congress at Liverpool, in 1876, advocating the abolition of the Coroner's jury. Amongst other reforms, he earnestly insisted upon a complete codification of the civil and criminal law; "without something like a code," he observed, "it seems hopeless to look forward to any systematic reform of the law. Without it you will have to be content with desultory amendments, removing here and there some glaring evil, but leaving the law in more hopelessly tangled confusion than before. It seems to me that the object—if it be, as I believe, desirable—is far from unattainable."

At the General Election of 1880 Mr. Herschell's constituents at Durham sent him back to the House with a majority of about 100, and he was at once appointed Solicitor-General. In his official capacity he conducted the Fenian and dynamite prosecutions, and the prosecution of Dr. Lamson for the murder of his brother-in-law. In the House of Commons he took an active part in the debates on the Irish Land Bill (Mr. Gladstone much relying on his intimate knowledge of the details of that complicated measure), and on the Grand Committees on the Bankruptcy and Patent Bills. On the death of Sir George Jessel, he was offered the Mastership of the Rolls, and also the position of Lord of Appeal in Ordinary. He is one of the Senate of the University of London, having been Examiner in Common Law for that University so far back as 1872.

Lord Herschell married, in 1876, Agnes Adela, daughter of Mr. Edward Leigh Kindersley, of Clyffe, Dorsetshire, and grand-daughter of the late Vice-Chancellor Kindersley.

Our Portrait of his Lordship is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of South Kensington.

MOORHOUSE STATUE AT CHRISTCHURCH.

The town of Christchurch, in the South Island (formerly called the Middle Island) of New Zealand, is the capital of that region, chiefly the extensive plains on the east side of the Alpine range of mountains, down to the Otago boundary, which formed the Province of Canterbury. Under the political constitution existing previously to 1875, each province had its separate Government, with an elected Superintendent and Council. That of Canterbury was especially successful, for which much credit was due to the late Mr. William Sefton Moorhouse, who twice held the office of Superintendent—from 1857 to 1862, and again from 1865 to 1868. He was a native of Yorkshire, born in 1825, educated for the legal profession, and emigrated to New Zealand in 1851. His public services to the colony—at least, to the locality in which he resided—are well remembered by those who were then in Canterbury; but the greatest performance of his administration was that of constructing, at the cost of provincial funds, the railway which connects Port Lyttelton with Christchurch, and which passes through a tunnel, 2800 yards in length, cut in the hard rock of a hill overlooking the harbour—an engineering work of remarkable boldness and enterprise for a small community, as it then was, to undertake with its own limited resources. It has proved of the greatest utility, opening the road from the seaport to the Canterbury plains, which are now traversed by railways in every direction, and are covered with thriving settlements and with rising towns. Mr. Moorhouse died in 1881, having for some years been a member of the General Assembly of New Zealand at Wellington. A bronze statue of this eminent colonial citizen, provided by public subscription, has now been erected in the gardens of the Domain at Christchurch, and was unveiled by the Governor of New Zealand, Sir William Jervois, on Dec. 22. The sculptor, Mr. G. A. Lawson, has represented Mr. Moorhouse sitting, with arms folded, looking towards the city; the pedestal, which is of bluestone, is inscribed with a suitable record. The ceremonial was interesting; and the speeches of Mr. John Ollivier, Mr. Leonard Harper, and others, relating the facts of local history connected with Mr. Moorhouse's services, were listened to with deep attention. There is at Christchurch, in Cathedral-square, the statue of another colonial worthy, Mr. J. R. Godley, one of the founders of the Canterbury Settlement thirty-six years ago.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 13, 1869), with two codicils (dated March 3, 1875, and Feb. 2, 1877), of the Most Noble James, Duke of Abercorn, K.G., late of Hampden House, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on Oct. 31 last, at Barons Court, Newtown Stewart, Ireland, was proved on the 27th ult. by the Duke of Abercorn, the son, and the Earl of Lichfield, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £144,000. The testator appoints portions of £7000 to each of his daughters who have not already been provided for, and bequeaths annuities to his unmarried daughters. The portions of his younger sons are made up to £30,000 each; and he leaves to his son Lord Claud, in addition, a house in Hertford-street, Mayfair. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his eldest son, the present Duke.

The Irish Probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated May 10, 1878), with four codicils (dated Feb. 28, 1880; March 19, 1881; and June 24 and Aug. 15, 1885), of the Right Hon. and Most Rev. Marcus Gervais Beresford, Lord Archbishop of Armagh, who died on Dec. 26 last, at the Palace, Armagh, granted to George De la Poer Beresford, the son, Colonel Thomas Heywood, the Right Hon. John Thomas Ball, and John Maunsell, the executors, was sealed in London on the 25th ult., the aggregate value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £91,000. The testator devises all his freehold property to the use of his son George De la Poer, for life, with remainder to his son, Marcus (testator's grandson), for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. He bequeaths £13,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his son Henry Marcus, in addition to the sum he covenanted by the same settlement to pay, and also in addition to some other bequests to his said son; and there are various legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said son George De la Poer.

The will (dated May 9, 1854), with a codicil (dated July 17 following), of the Rev. Sir George Lewen Glyn, Bart., for many years Vicar of Ewell, Surrey, who died on Nov. 7 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by Dame Henrietta Amelia Glyn, the widow, and Thomas Bolton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator leaves the advowson of the vicarage of the parish church of St. Mary, Ewell, upon trust, so that one of his sons may be presented thereto, and subject thereto, to go with his settled estates. To his wife he gives the school chapel and ground at Ewell Marsh, and a perpetual rent charge of £100; and, during widowhood, the Rectory House, and an annuity of £400, charged on his real estate. There are various gifts and provisions in favour of his younger children; legacies to his executor, Mr. Bolton, and his agent, William Killick; and an annuity to Mrs. Mary Williams. The residue of his real estate, charged with the payment of £400 per annum to his eldest son, George Turberville, and with other annuities and legacies, is settled, upon trust, during the life of his said son, to apply the net income for his benefit, or for the benefit of the person entitled in remainder on his death, with remainder to his first and every other son successively, according to seniority in tail male. Certain family diamonds and pictures are made heirlooms to go with the estates. The residue of the personalty he bequeaths to his wife.

The will (dated March 25, 1866), with two codicils (dated Sept. 1, 1870, and April 30, 1871), of the Most Hon. Susan Caroline, Dowager Marchioness of Cholmondeley, who died on the 4th ult., at her residence, Thornecroft, Leatherhead, is now in course of proof. The value of the personal estate exceeds £12,000. The testatrix makes various specific bequests to her sisters, Lady Louisa Finch and Lady Mary Octavia Farquhar, and other members of her family; and bequeaths £6000, upon trust, for her niece Mrs. Margaret Orde, for life, with remainder to her children equally; £100 each to her nephew, Colonel Nigel Fitzhardinge Kingscote, and to her niece Mrs. Isabel Martin; £100 to the Ladies' Hibernian Female School Society; £50 to the Ladies' Negro Education Society; and the remainder of her plate, pictures, drawings, engravings, furniture, household linen, china, and similar effects, to Colonel Kingscote. The residue of her estate she leaves to her nephews, Raglan George Henry Somerset, Esq., and Colonel Kingscote equally. The Hon. Augustus Cholmondeley Gough Calthorpe, Thomas Henry Farquhar, Esq., and Hugh Horatio Seymour, Esq., are appointed executors.

The will (dated March 12, 1879) of Admiral Sir Augustus Leopold Kuper, G.C.B., late of The Rock, South Brent, Devon, who died on Oct. 29 last, was proved on the 3rd ult., by Alfred Howard, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator gives his freehold residence, with his furniture and effects, to his son, Charles Victor Brewer Kuper, and to his daughter, Harriet Emma Sophia Kuper; various stocks, amounting together to about £10,000, upon trust, to pay two annuities, amounting together to £70, and subject thereto for his said daughter; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated April 2, 1877) of Mr. Charles Ellis, late of Waltham Place, Maidenhead, Berks, who died on Dec. 10 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Mrs. Catherine Ellis, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1885) of Mr. George Henry Vansittart, J.P., D.L., formerly M.P. for Berkshire, late of Bisham Abbey, Berks, who died on Nov. 3 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Mrs. Constance Charlotte Vansittart, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1885) of Mrs. Rosa Atkins, late of Norbiton Lodge, Norbiton-common, Kingston-on-Thames, who died on Dec. 29 last, was proved on the 5th ult., the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4000, upon trust, for her godchild, Lillian Rebecca Bruges, and a few other legacies. The residue of her estate and effects she gives to George Atkins, the nephew of her late husband.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1884), with a codicil (dated Oct. 30, 1885), of Mr. James Dorman, late of Sandwich, Kent, who died on Jan. 6 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by Thomas Dorman, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each towards the repairs of the Church of St. Clement, Sandwich, and of the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Sandwich; £15 each to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Jermyn-street, and the Kent and Canterbury Hospital; and legacies to nieces, nephew, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said brother.

THE CAMP OF EXERCISE AT DELHI.

Some Illustrations of the series of military manoeuvres performed by large forces of the Indian Army, assembled on the plain north of Delhi, were presented in a former Number of our Journal. Those which occupy a page of this week's Number, and which are contributed by Captain F. C. Carter, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, forming part of the 2nd Brigade of the First Division of the Northern Force engaged in these manoeuvres, will claim the special attention of military readers interested in the details of land transport for Indian and other tropical service. The exact particulars are no doubt to be learnt from official reports which have not yet come to hand, but which will be in the possession of the proper authorities, or perhaps at the United Service Institution, in due time for profitable study.

THE DALY COLLEGE, INDORE.

During his visit to Indore, on Nov. 14, the Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India, opened the Daly College, which has been erected by subscription among the chiefs and nobles, in memory of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Daly, K.C.B.I., who was Agent-General to the Government in Central India. It is a fine building, in the Scottish Gothic style of architecture, and contains a handsome lecture-hall, a well-furnished library, and nine other rooms. The foundation-stone was laid two years ago. There was only a limited sum at the disposal of Colonel Thomason, R.E., under whose direction the work has been carried out; so it was decided to use concrete instead of Portland cement. The peculiarity of the concrete lies in the mortar, which is known as "Scott's Silenitic," and requires only five parts of gypsum to every hundred parts of lime used. The building thus cost only 53,000 rupees, which is considered a very small sum for the dimensions of the college. The Illustration is from a photograph taken by a native gentleman, Lalla Dheen Dyal.

The new street from Piccadilly to Bloomsbury, Shaftesbury-avenue, is to be named after the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Lord Aberdare unveiled last Saturday the statue of Sir H. Hussey Vivian, Bart., M.P., which has been erected in Castle-square, Swansea, in recognition of the great services he has rendered, not only to his native town of Swansea and the Principality of Wales, but also to the whole-commercial nation, as the head of the copper firm of Vivian and Sons.

There was a further rise in the death-rate of London last week, the cold causing a great increase in the mortality. There were 2697 births and 2235 deaths registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 233 below, while the deaths were 472 above, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 37 from measles, 6 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 126 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 5 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 13 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from smallpox or from cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had increased in the seven preceding weeks from 477 to 745, further rose last week to 855, and exceeded the corrected weekly average by 335.

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£15.—COLLARD GRAND, full trichord, nice tone, metal plate and bars; as sound as when new. In good condition. Cash only.

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£25.—BROADWOOD PIANO, nearly new. Has only been in use a few months. Metal plate. For cash only.

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£40.—ERARD (London) PIANO. In elegant case, beautifully ebonized and gilt, repetition check action; seven octaves. Nearly new.

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£65.—COLLARD GRAND PIANO, fullest compass of seven octaves, brass plate and bars. A splendid instrument. Cash only.

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AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, 1883. Awarded the GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR.

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Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.

Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted.

Four times the strength of Cocoa Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and in reality cheaper.

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Keeps for years in all climates. Requires no Cooking. A tea-spoonful to Breakfast-Cup costing less than a halfpenny.

In Air-Tight Tins, 1s. 6d., 3s., &c., by Chemists and Grocers.

H. SCHWEITZER, and CO., 10, Adam-street, Strand, W.C.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak, and I strongly recommend it as a substitute for tea for young persons."—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, President Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, &c.

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The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

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FOR LIVER.

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FOR THE HAIR.

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

FOR THE SKIN.

FOR THE EYES.

FOR THE NOSE.

FOR THE THROAT.

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ELLIMAN'S Royal Embrocation FOR Horses and Cattle,

Introduced to the public 35 years since, has maintained its world-wide reputation, not only by reason of its possessing remarkable healing properties, quickly restoring an injured limb or part to a healthy state, but also on account of the ease with which it is applied, its use being unattended by the slightest risk of blemish. A large proportion of the Masters of the Foxhounds and Harriers throughout the United Kingdom use it constantly in their stables. The testimony of these men as to its efficacy all must recognise as unimpeachable. The Embrocation is very generally used by Contractors, Builders, Farmers, Brewers, Colliery Owners, Livery Stable Keepers, and Owners of Carriage and Draught Horses, in fact, by all those who see that it is the strictest economy to keep their HORSES' LEGS SOUND and fit for HARD WORK.

Specimen Testimonials.

From His Grace the Duke of Rutland, Master of Belvoir Hunt.

Belvoir, Grantham,
Dec. 1st, 1879.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables; I think it very useful.
RUTLAND.

From Major J. M. Browne,
Fosseway, Lichfield,
Oct. 17th, 1879.

Sirs,—I find Elliman's Embrocation exceedingly good for sprains and cuts in horses, and also for cuts in hounds' feet. I shall strongly recommend it to all my friends.

Yours faithfully,
J. M. BROWNE,
Master of South Staffordshire Hounds.

From H. L. Lutwyche, Esq.,
Warham House, Hereford,
December 24th, 1885.

Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I should be very sorry to be without it. I also use it in my kennels and find it most valuable.

H. L. LUTWYCHE,
Master of North Herefordshire Hounds.

From Lieut.-Col. R. H. Price,
Master of Radnorshire Hunt.

December, 1878.
GENTLEMEN,—I use the Royal Embrocation in the stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for Lumbago and Rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.
R. H. PRICE, Lieut.-Col.



HOW THE LAMENESS WAS CURED

FOR HORSES AND CATTLE

MANUFACTORY SLOUGH ENGLAND

ELLIMAN'S

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From T. Walton Knolles, Esq., Oatlands, Kinsale.

April 2nd, 1884.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I have used it for some time past, and find it very efficacious if properly applied.

T. WALTON KNOLLES,
Master of the South Union Hunt (Ireland).

From Colonel G. P. Blake, Worcester Park, Surrey.

December, 22nd, 1885.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables with most satisfactory results.

G. P. BLAKE,
Master of Surrey Union Hounds.

FOR HORSES AND CATTLE

MANUFACTORY SLOUGH ENGLAND

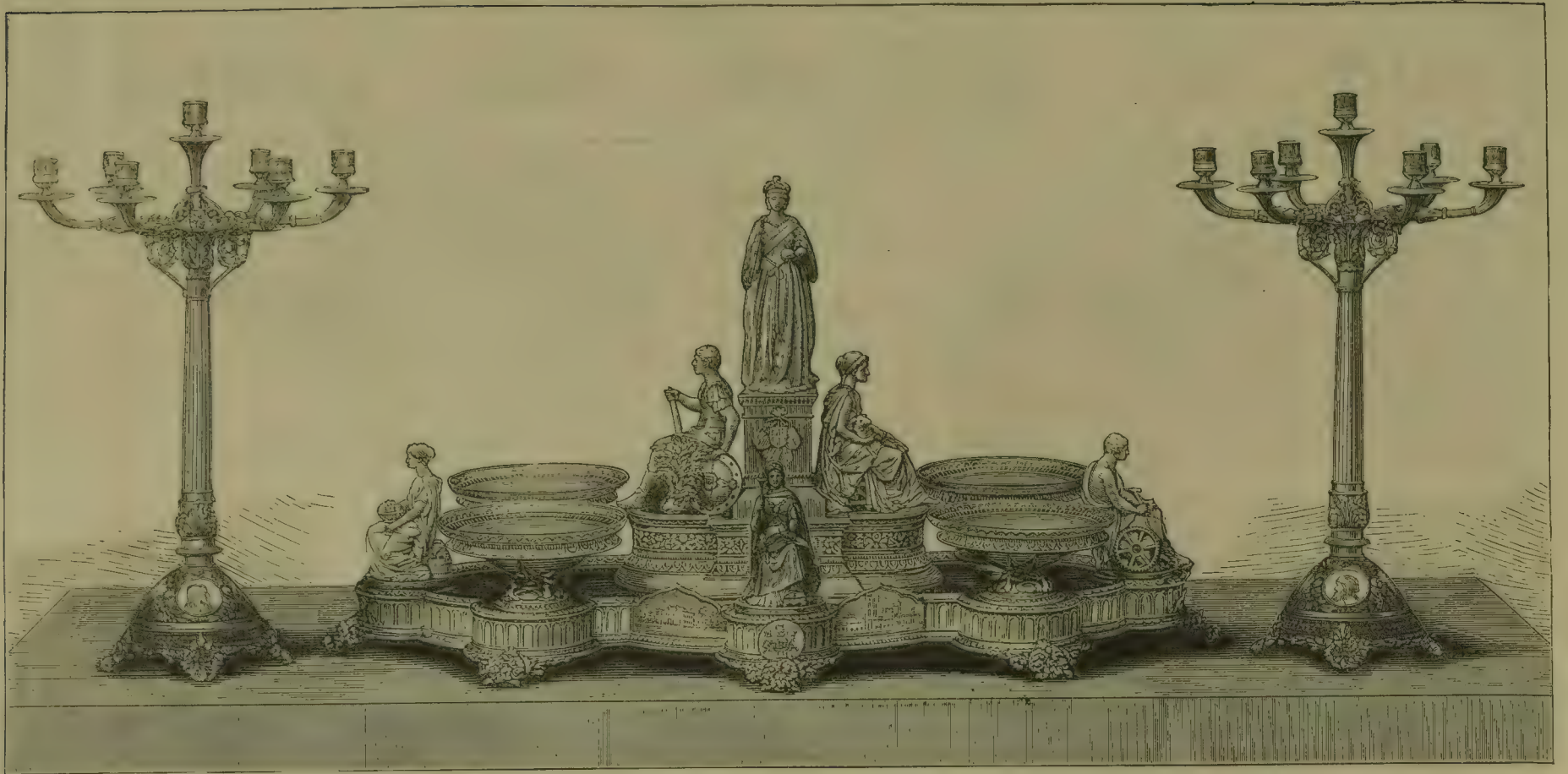
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TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO THE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH (SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE)

TESTIMONIAL TO LORD IDDESLEIGH.

"Our Note-Book" last week opened with some remarks upon the agreeable ceremony at Willis's Rooms, on the Monday evening, when a hundred and fifty members of the House of Commons, with Sir Rainald Knightley in the chair, banqueted together and presented to the Earl of Idlesleigh, formerly, as the Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., Conservative leader in that House, a testimonial of personal esteem, not confined to his own political party. The gift provided for Lord Idlesleigh, at a cost of £1200, was a service of plate, designed by Mr. G. Carter and manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, which consists of a centrepiece, four dessert-stands, and two candelabra, with figures and subjects illustrative of the public life and personal characteristics of his Lordship. The principal female figure on the centrepiece is symbolical of the Empire; and on the plinth immediately underneath are shields of arms bound together and fastened with a knot,

indicative of the various parts of the Empire. The other two accessory figures represent "Fortitude" and "Gentleness." The lower structure supporting the centrepiece is decorated with four figures—two being symbolical of "Wisdom" and "Patriotism," and the other two of national industries, "Agriculture" and "Manufacture," commemorative of his Lordship's career as member for Dudley, Stamford, and North Devon. Between each figure are richly-chased stands for flowers or fruits; and this structure is further enriched by four panels containing views of places associated with the life of his Lordship—Eton College, Balliol College, Oxford, and the Houses of Parliament. The two candelabra are composed of seven lights each. On the bases of them are six medallion portraits, one of the Earl of Idlesleigh, and the others of the great leaders with whom his Lordship has worked—viz., Lord Palmerston, the late Earl of Derby, the Earl of Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Mr. Gladstone. The arms of the Earl of

Idlesleigh are inclosed in separate medallions on each base. The portraits are treated in the manner of the Italian medals of the fifteenth century. The subscribers to the testimonial also presented Lady Idlesleigh with a diamond bracelet, the design of which is two hearts joined together.

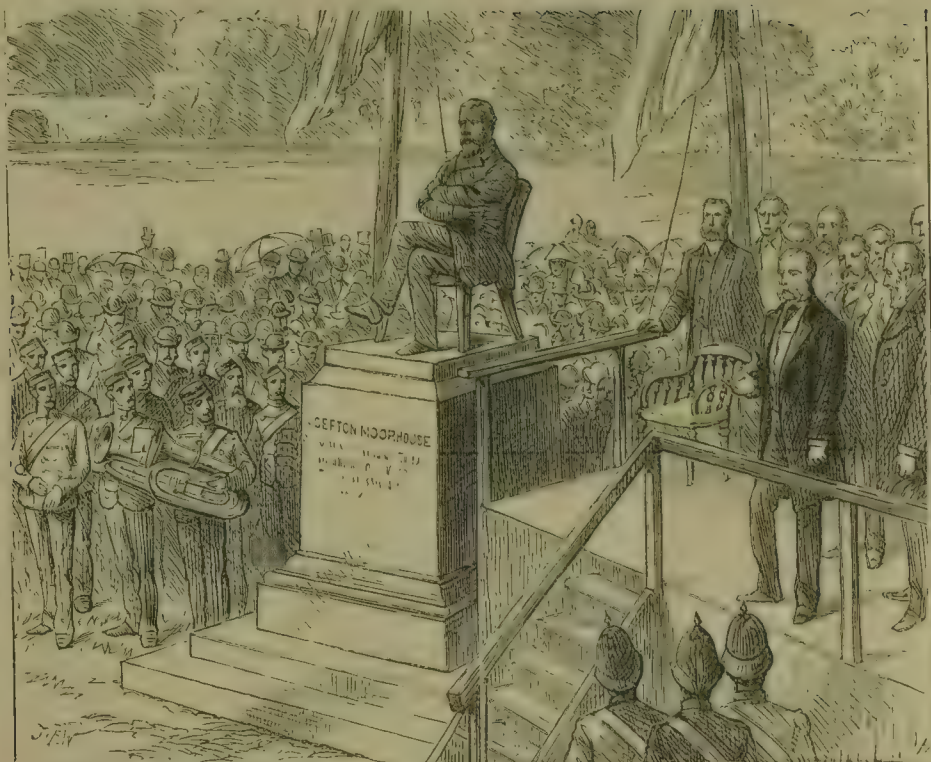
The appeal made by the managers and overseers of the composing departments of the London printing offices for funds for a Special Pension to the Printers' Pension Corporation has resulted in subscriptions amounting to 250 guineas, and promises to the amount of another 50 guineas. As, however, 200 guineas are still required to complete the pension, the committee appeal to the trade and general public to assist them. Contributions may be sent to the honorary secretaries, Messrs. W. Crespin and H. F. Harding, at the Falcon, Gough-square, Fleet-street; or to the treasurer, Mr. E. Southcott, *St. James's Gazette* Office, Whitefriars, E.C.



BOYCOTTING IN IRELAND: REFUSING THE RENT.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA, OPENED BY LORD DUFFERIN.



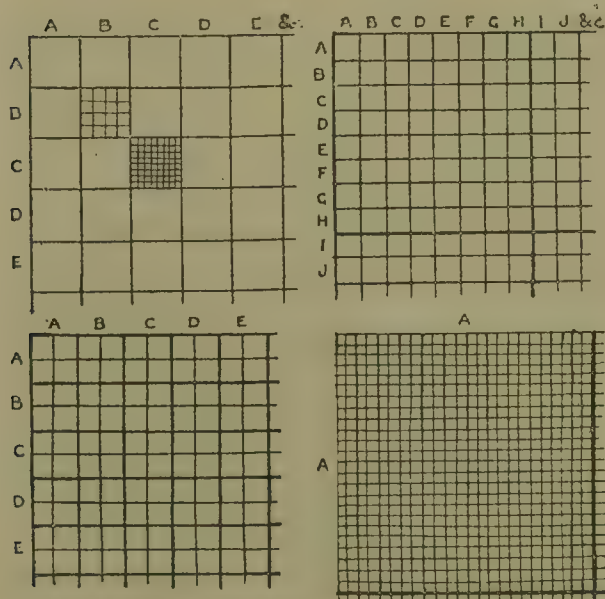
UNVEILING STATUE OF MR. W. S. MOORHOUSE, AT CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

SENDING SKETCHES BY TELEGRAPH.

An ingenious system of adapting the alphabetical messages of the electric telegraph, or of the heliograph, or any other signalling apparatus, to the reproduction at distant points of some kinds of drawings, has been contrived by Mr. Alexander Glen, Lieutenant of the Inns of Court (14th Middlesex) Rifle Volunteers. It seems likely to be of much utility in military operations, as it is especially suitable for the transmission of small maps or plans of a locality, and for indicating the position of troops, batteries, and points of attack and defence. Lieutenant Glen conceived the idea in 1884, when he was with a signalling party at the Easter Volunteer Review in the neighbourhood of the road to Portsmouth; and he was subsequently assisted by Mr. H. G. Willink, a brother Lieutenant of the same corps, and by Messrs. Morrice, Logan, and Aston Lewis, in a series of experimental trials. Without know-

ledge of these attempts, an officer of the Royal Engineers, Lieutenant-Colonel Melville, some time ago placed before the War Office authorities a plan on the same principle, which he patented in April last year, and which has been tried at Aldershot and sent to the Staff College at Sandhurst. Lieutenant Glen, on Jan. 15, read at the United Service Institution an account of his invention, which is further described by Mr. Willink, in an article entitled "Map-flapping," in *Longman's Magazine* for February, with several illustrations. We are permitted to reproduce some of these and other drawings in this week's Number of our Journal. The method consists of either drawing the design to be transmitted on ruled paper, divided into little squares by vertical and horizontal lines, or laying a transparent paper, tracing cloth, or other transparent sheet, which must be so divided by lines into squares, over the drawing; the squares in each compartment are denoted, respectively, by pairs of letters, the alphabet running down the

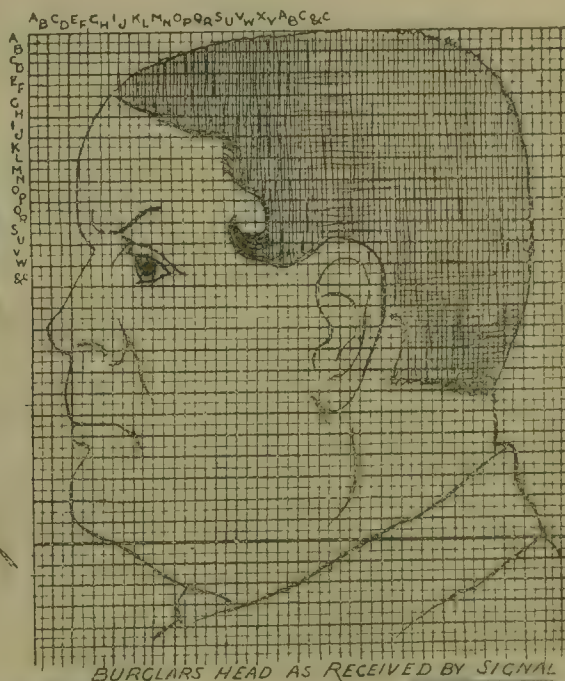
outer side for the horizontal rows of squares, and along the top for the squares in vertical series. A corresponding paper, which may be of a different scale if convenient, is kept at the receiving station. The operator at the transmitting station can thus indicate by alphabetical letters to the receiving station any point on the paper falling in the centre of any of the squares; the person at the receiving station will apply his pencil to that point, and will then be directed to the next point, drawing a line with the pencil, and so on to form a complete outline drawing. Patches of shading, of the several darker or lighter tints shown in a separate diagram, may be put in by special directions, the transmitting signs for which are explained in *Longman's Magazine*; and by these means a landscape or a portrait is telegraphed with very tolerable fidelity, though scarcely with fine artistic effect. The fancy portrait of a burglar, to be pursued by the "Hue and Cry" of the police, might perhaps assist in the recognition and arrest



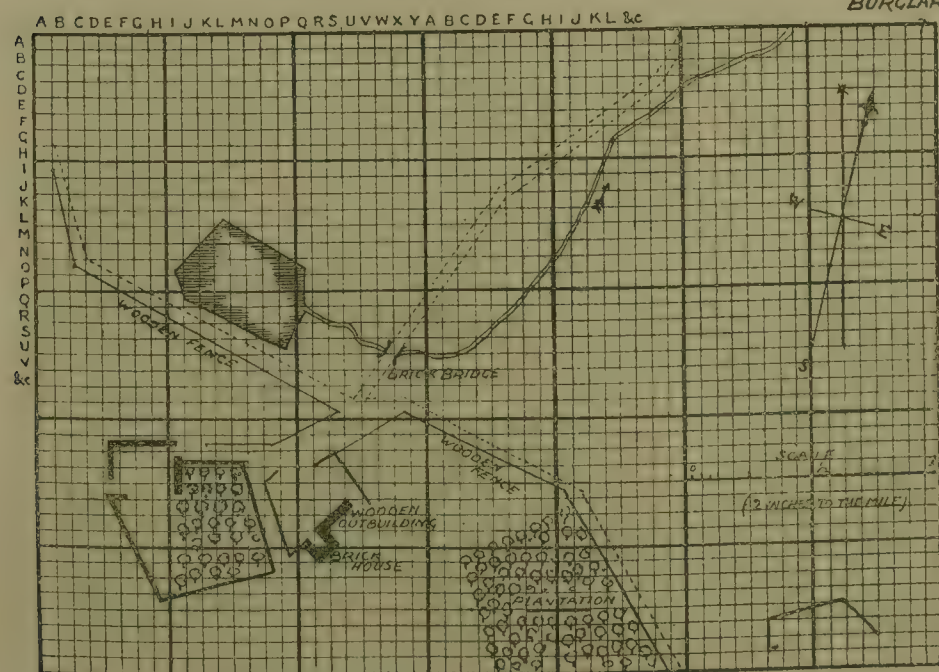
VARIOUS SQUARING IN USE WITH LETTERS



BURGLARS HEAD DRAWN FOR SIGNALLING



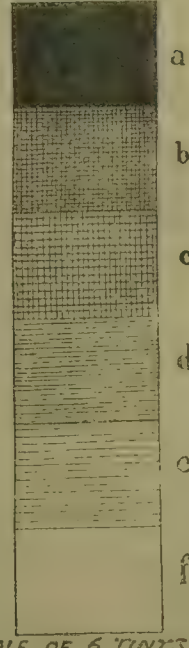
BURGLARS HEAD AS RECEIVED BY SIGNAL



TIMED SIGNALLED PLAN OF ESTATE



FACSIMILE TELEGRAPHED TINTED PORTRAIT



SCALE OF 6 TINTS

of such a criminal, who has, as the lady miniature-painter said to Mr. Ralph Nickleby, "a very strongly marked face for the purpose." It was shown to Sir Edmund Henderson at Scotland-yard; but we do not know whether the Detective Department has resolved to adopt the process. We have also compared the original pencil and sepia drawings of the other portrait with the copy made in red chalk, from the signals transmitted to him, by a person who had not seen the original; and we are quite satisfied with the correctness of the copy. The plan of a landed estate, drawn on the scale of two inches to a mile, on the paper of thirty-five quadrangular compartments, with sixty-four squares in each compartment, is a good example of the kind of drawing that would serve for communicating topographical or strategical reports from a field of battle; or for the advanced division of an army to show its precise route, with the adjacent objects to the com-

mander of the forces behind. Paper ruled with squares of any size, large or small, may be used, according to the purpose and nature of the drawing; but in the "sectional paper" adopted by the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers, the parallel ruled lines are set one-eighth of an inch apart, giving sixty-four little squares to one square inch. Where greater minuteness of delineation is required, there is a way of getting several exact points within each little square, as well as its central point; this is obtained by setting two additional letters, instead of one letter only, at the head of each vertical column of squares, and at the end of each horizontal row of squares, practically subdividing each square into four. The sender of a message, when the drawing is so large as to extend over a number of quadrangles (which is exemplified in the "plan of an estate"), must apprise the recipient of it which is the particular quadrangle or division of

the paper that he has in hand; but this is easily done by prefix signal-letters. The scale of the map or plan is also to be stated, which will suffice to the recipient for learning the measurement of all distances within the plan. We must refer those of our readers who desire further information of the details of this system either to *Longman's Magazine* (February and March) or to the April quarterly publication of the Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.

The committee of the National Eisteddfod have received a letter from Lord Penrhyn, inclosing a cheque for £100, and accepting the position of president. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, and the Archbishop of York have consented to become patrons of this year's Eisteddfod, to be held at Carnarvon in September.

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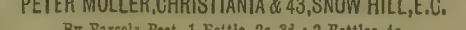
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The flowers all had faded that once were so sweet;

The song of the birds seemed only to say,

"Just the old way, my dear, just the old way!"

Six by the belfry, eight by the day;

The sunshine seemed clouded and hidden away;

Only last night, and life seemed so gay,

They'd happened to meet and chat by the way.

Only last night, and his words were so sweet,

Could love be so loyal, and yet be so fleet?

The song of the birds seemed only to say,

"Just the old way, my dear, just the old way!"

Only a footstep coming near,

Only a voice her heart loved to hear;

Someone to listen each word she might say,

Someone to linger and chat by the way.

But time is so short, and the moments so fleet,

His love is so loyal, his words are so sweet;

Yet the song of the birds continues to say,

"Just the old way, my dear, just the old way!"

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GOOD DAY, SIR!

Words by Charles Rowe.

Music by LOUIS DIEHL.

Good day, Sir! how are you, Sir?

Good morning, how d'ye do?

'Tis very kind, Sir! that you've a mind, Sir!

To come so far to woo!

But then, you see, Sir! 'tis plain to me, Sir!

Pray don't say I'm too bold,

If I explain, Sir! I don't come again, Sir!

For really you're too old.

Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay,"

Hearts can't be forced at will;

Never despair, there are plenty to spare,

For every Jack there's a Jill.

Good day, Sir! how are you, Sir?

Another come to woo.

I should much grieve, Sir! you to deceive, Sir!

But really you won't do!

You're middle age, Sir! and I'll engage, Sir!

You always want your way,

I can't agree, Sir! to wed with thee, Sir!

So fare you well, Good day!

Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay," &c.

Good day, Sir! what did you say, Sir?

I sigh, dear heart for you.

You sigh for me, Sir! will I agree, Sir!

To heed your passion true?

'Tis sweetly sung, Sir! I am but young, Sir!

But since you press me so,

Though I should try, Sir! you to deny, Sir!

I



DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

Mr. Winthrop mechanically put his knee up, so that the other's hand fell short of its intent.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CONFEDERATES.

There are occasions when one wishes even our best friends a little further off; and just now, Elizabeth Dart would have preferred Roger Leyden to have been rubbing up the coins in his museum, or speculating on Danish stock (in the shape of hidden treasure) upon the mound of Battle Hill, rather than standing where he was, at the entrance of the little pier, where she must needs pass close by him to re-enter the town. However, it was already luncheon time, and her absence would begin to excite, not only surprise, but anxiety, at home; so she got up, and, with as indifferent an air as she could assume, commenced her retreat. With such an interrupted interest did Mr. Leyden continue to regard the ships in the offing that she almost hoped to pass him without notice; but, as she came exactly opposite to him, he brought his glass to bear on her (at three feet off, or so), and shut it up with such a vicious snap that, in her state of nervous tension, she could scarcely refrain from uttering a cry of alarm. She not only did refrain from it, however, but contrived to assume a tone of unconcern, as she observed,

"You seem to have found some object of great attraction for your telescope this morning, Mr. Leyden."

"That is so," he answered, grimly; "I was watching a piratical craft which is but seldom seen in these latitudes. What excited my curiosity was her carrying sail when there was no occasion for it—nothing is more ridiculous than to see a man sitting under an umbrella when there is no rain: if, however, he has a female companion at his side, the circumstance may be accounted for."

Miss Dart mechanically looked up at the sky, which was serene and unclouded.

"It has been like that this half-hour," remarked her persecutor, drily. She was annoyed at the observations he had made, of course; but somehow she was not offended. She was not altogether displeased, perhaps, that the secrecy which had been imposed upon her, as respected any understanding between herself and the Major, should thus be rendered impossible, and through no fault of her own. All clandestine proceedings were distasteful to her—she already repented of having so easily fallen into the Major's views in that respect; and then she was so certain of the antiquary's goodwill that it was difficult to be angry with him.

"I see nothing very remarkable, Mr. Leyden," she said, quietly, "in sitting by a gentleman's side with whom I am well acquainted, even though it be under an umbrella; and I am by no means inclined to admit, even though it were a phenomenon, that I owe you any explanation of it. I may say, however, that I came here at Major Melburn's own invitation to discuss a matter of great importance concerning his sister."

"I know all that. He wanted to persuade you to advocate

Mr. Winthrop's pretensions, which you very properly declined to do. It is astonishing," he added, musingly, "how wise and prudent we often are in matters affecting other people; whereas in our own concerns we are prone to lose our heads, and sometimes even our hearts."

"Very true, no doubt, Mr. Leyden; but syllogisms can be listened to at any time, while potatoes must be eaten while they are hot. It is already past luncheon time, so I must say good-bye."

"Take care what else you say good-bye to, my dear young lady," he murmured, solemnly. "I know, as you say, that I have no right to pry into your affairs; but if, as I fear, your thoughts are tending in a certain direction, I beseech you to restrain them while you have still the power; for that way madness lies."

"You have been consulting the stars again," returned Miss Dart, scornfully.

"The stars are not to be despised," he answered, gravely; "but it is not in the blue vault of heaven that one would look for any record of Jefferson Melburn."

"Why did you not tell him what you thought of him just now, instead of slandering him behind his back?" inquired Elizabeth Dart, in tones that trembled with anger.

"Because, for one thing, he knows it; and for the other, my opinion would not weigh with him one feather."

"It weighs as lightly, Sir, with me," returned the girl, contemptuously, and, with flashing eyes, passed on into the town.

"Now have you done more harm than good, Roger Leyden," was the antiquary's muttered self-reproach, as he watched her retreating figure, its step firmer than usual, and its head thrown slightly back, as if in defiance. "There's no fool like an old fool" is at its truest in matters of love: I ought to have known that a girl of spirit would resent any cheapening of her bargain in the way of a sweetheart, even though he were the most worthless lot in the market. When I told her that I knew what the fellow had been talking about (no difficult matter to arrive at since I saw his friend Winthrop himself, awaiting his fate no doubt, at the door of 'The Welcome'), and also what answer she had given him (easy enough for anyone who knows her keen intelligence and honest heart to guess), I thought that I had impressed her with my knowledge of human nature, but directly I came to speak of the Major himself she became a very Thomas in disbelief. I ought to have known—I ought to have remembered, that is—that it would be so. Moreover, it was folly to anger her, since the thing will never be. The stars have said it. What! with her sun nine times bigger than the true sun and all the twelve signs, but Pisces (which only shows that she will never be a shipowner), to suppose that she will marry a spendthrift and a ne'er-do-well like Jefferson Melburn! No. I wonder how her wealth will come to her—'Wealth,' as old Samuel called it, 'beyond the dreams

of Avarice'—for somehow it will come. Perhaps she will turn out to be heiress of long-forgotten and ownerless millions, the last of an ancient race, whose line has been swallowed up as the river by the sand, only to appear again in a dry place. And yet she is too masterful and wise (save in one matter) to have come from a worn-out stock of any kind—a very remarkable young woman, and not for you, Master Melburn, you may take my word for it; nor for any of your kind."

The object of this uncomplimentary prophecy had, in the meantime, betaken himself to "The Welcome," the only inn which Casterton boasted. It stood in the middle of the little High-street, a spot of such unexceptionable advantage that a vehicle could, with skill and judgment, be turned round before its doors without the intrusion of the horses' head into the windows opposite. It was furnished with a portico that could afford shelter, till admittance could be gained within, to at least two persons, and with balconies, containing in summer time each three flower-pots, which gave it upon market days quite a distinguished and gay appearance. The rooms were exquisitely clean; but their bulging ceilings hung so low that the laws of politeness were taught, perforce, to any guest of moderate height who was inclined to keep his hat on within doors. In the front parlour, upon so short a sofa that he had to supplement it with a chair for the accommodation of his legs, reclined a gentleman with a cigar in his mouth, and a glass of brandy-and-water on a table by his side. In spite of his luxurious position and its concomitants, he appeared by no means at his ease. His brow was knitted, his face was gloomy, his white lips showed where his discoloured teeth had pressed upon them, and he had all the appearance of a gentleman in the sulks—an indisposition which even repeated doses of brandy-and-water have been rarely known to ameliorate.

To him entered Major Melburn, radiant from the result of an interview, and cheerful in the contemplation of his own affairs.

"You have good news, then, after all, Jeff?" exclaimed Winthrop, raising himself upon his elbow, and sticking his glass into his eye.

"Well, no, I am afraid I can hardly say that; but that is not my fault. How deuced imprudent it was of you to show yourself just now at the pier."

"Why, you yourself told me to go there."

"That was, of course, supposing my sister had been with me; but when you saw that it was not she—that you could not carry matters by a coup-de-main, as we had hoped—you should surely have known better than to intrude yourself. I am sure I frowned at you enough; and if you had had any sense, you would have made yourself scarce at once."

"Sense? I suppose you think no one has any sense but yourself?" returned the other, angrily. "I may not have your oily tongue, and your slippery ways, but I have eyes in my head, like other people. I could see that it was

not on my affairs that you were talking so confidentially with your friend Miss Dart. You are playing the old game, are you? Only this time you have nothing to lose."

The radiance had departed from the Major's face at the first words of his companion; but now it grew black as thunder.

"You had better leave me and Miss Dart to settle our own affairs, my friend," he said, in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion, and very menacing.

"By all means. You may make just as great a fool of her as you like; but you shall no longer make a fool of me."

The Major smiled contemptuously, as though any operation of that kind from without was a work of supererogation, but his white face and trembling hands betrayed the constraint he was putting on himself.

"I have done my best for you, and will continue to do it," he replied, "in spite of your own folly, which checks me at every turn. Brandy at mid-day in a country inn, where every servant is a tattler! Had Mary been where you expected to find her, you would have addressed her with breath-recking of it! As well have said, 'I love you, but I love Drink better.' How can you, can you be so mad, Winthrop?"

"Never you mind me and my brandy," returned the other, in dogged but less defiant tones. At first, Mr. Winthrop had been disposed for battle, but he was now inclined to act on the defensive only; the stronger will was beginning to tell.

"Now, it is quite ridiculous for you and me to quarrel, Winny," exclaimed the Major, frankly, but with a somewhat grating laugh. "It only gives us the trouble of making it up again. You know the old proverb, 'Amantium ira,' et cetera?"

"Yes; I know the proverb about quarrelling, if that's what you mean. If it makes honest folk come by their own, I can't say that I should object to a little disagreement."

This reply was one of that nature of which the philosophers tell us we should always be prepared—namely, the unexpected; and it took the Major—who was far from being a philosopher—very much aback. It was not surprising to him that Winthrop's muddled brain should have got two proverbs of certainly very different import so ludicrously mixed, but that his thoughts should have shot to the subject of coming by one's own, or, in other words, of getting one's borrowed money back, on such very slight suggestion. It was clear to him that the question was accustomed to present itself to Mr. Winthrop's mind much oftener and with much more importunity than he had heretofore imagined. It was disgusting that a fellow whom one had admitted to one's friendship, though intellectually so unworthy of it, and even called "Winny" when one wished to be especially conciliatory, should turn against one in this manner. In the highest and noblest sense, the obligation lay no doubt on Mr. Winthrop's side; but as a mere matter of finance, the other was his debtor.

"You shall be paid, Sir, in meal or in malt, never fear," said the Major, haughtily.

"Yes; but I'm beginning to think that I had rather have it in money," was the unvarnished reply. In any other man's mouth such a rejoinder would have been an epigram, and could have been parried with a smile, but the force of it in the present case lay in its absolute simplicity and matter of fact, which admitted of no such evasion. What it meant (as the Major was well aware) was "I am getting tired of being fobbed off and fobbed off with the promise of your sister's hand, and would rather see those five hundred pounds back which I lent to you on that which I now think to be very doubtful security."

"I say again that you shall be paid, or rather that you shall receive what you have agreed to consider an equivalent for payment."

"And I say again that I prefer cash down."

"Don't make me angry," said the Major, hoarsely: "that can't do you any good. It is sheer nonsense to talk to me of cash payments, and you know it: you can't get blood from a stone."

"Oh, yes, you can, if you know how to squeeze it," returned the other, cunningly, sipping at his brandy-and-water. "Even a stone has a tender place sometimes. Suppose I was to tell the pretty governess—I say, what the devil are you at!"

With a quick movement of his arm, the Major had thrust aside the table and made a grab at his companion's throat. Mr. Winthrop mechanically put his knee up, so that the other's hand fell short of its intent. That last insult, a blow, or its equivalent, which once having passed between grown men makes reconciliation impossible, had therefore been arrested. Though murder itself looked forth from the Major's face, he was conscious that his boats had been saved from burning, and even "thankful" for it (though it would, perhaps, have puzzled him to say to whom). Even in the words that passion compelled his mouth to utter there was a certain *locus penitentie* for the man who had provoked him; as though some mad elephant, turning to rend its keeper, at the same time should point to the corner of its den, where the little spiral staircase affords a shelter from its fury.

"If you dare to speak what was just now on the tip of your tongue to her or to any living creature, so help me, Heaven, I will kill you! How can you, can you be so mad as to threaten it? Promise me, promise before you speak another word, that you will never do it. Can anything be so cowardly, or such a breach of confidence between man and man?"

"You needn't make such a fuss," said Winthrop, white and trembling, at least as much with rage as fear. By nature he was no coward; but his nerves, weakened by his own excesses, had given way under the unexpected strain upon them, and the consciousness of the fact filled him with resentment. "A fellow may say, 'suppose I were to do so-and-so,' I conclude, without intending to do it. I am as much a man of honour, let me tell you, as yourself."

The claim—and, to say truth, it was not an extravagant one—was admitted at once.

"Of course, you are, Winthrop; and when you are not in drink there is no better fellow in the world. It is that cursed stuff yonder," he pointed to the floor, where lay the glass and its contents, "that has been the cause of all this. Your blood might have been spilt along with it, or mine," he added, quickly, for he felt it was uncomplimentary to take it for granted that a personal contest could only have had one result. "Well, thank Heaven, it can be all wiped up with a dish-cloth. I am very sorry I lost my temper, Winny."

"Well, well, it's all right so far," muttered the other, ungraciously; for one who has been frightened, and is ashamed of it, does not easily forgive; "but I am sick of these delays and adjournments. Why was not Mary on the pier, as you promised she should be?"

"That wretched Matthew has one of his bad days, as they call it—it's a pity his days don't come to an end—and she was unable to leave him. As to delays, the thing can't hang on much longer. The news from Germany, the other day, makes it certain that Mrs. Melburn's case is hopeless."

"That I have been told, any time during the last six months," observed the other, drily.

"True; but it is now not only a question of time, but of a very short time. It is Mrs. Melburn who prejudices Mary against you, and what a dangerous enemy she can be I have myself reason to know. When she is gone you will meet with no obstacle save a little coyness, which a man of your mettle

should have no difficulty in overcoming. Unlike her mother, Mary is like wax, and can be moulded as you please. You will be a husband who has his own way."

"She's a sweet pretty girl, no doubt," admitted Winthrop; "but I suppose we shall have to wait three months or so," he added, "fully, for the funeral and that."

"Not at all," returned the Major, confidently. "My father and Mary will go to some out-of-the-way place for a change, and then you two can be married quietly, and at once."

"Oh, as quiet as you please," returned the other, with a chuckle. "I suppose I could not see her just now," murmured the amorous swain, "not even for a minute?"

"Not to-day; we'll try again in a week or two. It is quite possible that I may then use such arguments with her as may induce her to make you a happy man much earlier than you think for."

"Very good. The sooner I tear up that little I O U of yours, Jeff, the better for both of us. There are our horses at the door. Now, just one stirrup-cup, and then for the saddle."

"Not one drop shall you drink more. Even now, when you get into the open air, you will feel that you have had too much."

Winthrop muttered a remonstrance in the concise form of an execration, but he submitted. The Major's strong will had once more regained its supremacy. No trace of their late quarrel could be observed in either of them as they went down-stairs together and mounted their horses. There are many so-called friendships in the world which exist on similar conditions; as long as the tie of self-interest binds them, natures even the most discordant and even lawless—though the breaches that at times of necessity take place between them are neither forgiven nor forgotten—will yet hold together.

The two gentlemen were both well mounted, and on ordinary occasions it would have been difficult to say which had the better seat; a man, however, may be too much at his ease in the saddle.

"I wish," said the Major, grimly, as they rode along the stony causeway, "that you would take your hands out of your pockets."

"What does it signify; one isn't in the Row," returned the other, testily.

"That's just it. If you were there it wouldn't so much matter; but if you fall off here, you'd break your neck."

"What a rum fellow you are, Jeff," said Mr. Winthrop; but he gathered up his reins at once, and sat as stiff as the Great Duke (though with a good deal more of effort) till they reached the downs.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TITANIA.

A good deal too much has been made, in my opinion, of the alteration in a man's character and conduct when he first falls in love; but as regards a girl, the change can scarcely be exaggerated. All things seem literally to have become new with her, and she regards the world from a different standpoint from that which she occupied before. She sees everything double; not, indeed, in duplicate, but through her own eyes, and through the eyes of the beloved object. His prejudices, or what she used to consider such, begin to have some show of reason; his faults, to assume the appearance of virtues. The very class to which he belongs, if it differs from her own, is credited with merits to which she has hitherto been blind. The thought of him monopolises her mind and ousts all others. In most cases there is some confidence of her own sex, to whom she discourses of him, and in whom she finds a sympathy which man (to whom a love-tale is intolerable) denies to man under the like circumstances.

To Elizabeth Dart, no such safety-valve for the emotions was vouchsafed. She had to bear her bliss alone, as she had so often borne her woe.

That precaution of taking time to make up her mind as to whether she would accept the Major's offer or no, was, she well knew, a mere formula: her heart had been his for the asking, almost from the first. If it be asked, how was it that so very intelligent and sagacious a young woman should have made such a choice, our reply is *Circumspice*. One has only to look next door, or over the way, to see the parallel of it.

Long afterwards, and when the subject of their conversation had become a personage, I remember hearing two great ladies talking of this very matter. "Beyond good looks and a pleasant manner," said one, "what was there in Major Melburn to have attracted such a woman?"

"My dear, she saw nothing in him; she only thought she saw, as Titania did when she called the ass her 'gentle joy.' Her genius idealised him."

"The Major, however, was not an ass," argued the other, "he was another sort of animal altogether, and of a far inferior type."

"That is quite true, but he was the first gentleman with whom she had ever been on equal terms."

This last remark, though made by one who did not herself understand what constitutes a gentleman, had a great deal of truth in it. The class to which the Major belonged had hitherto been viewed by Elizabeth Dart only at a distance; its attractions were unknown to her, and what merits belonged to the type she attributed to the individual. It was like a stranger to the game watching two habitués at billiards: he will hear them make many remarks upon the incidents of play, and be persuaded that they have a good deal of wit about them; whereas everything they say in that way, if he had their opportunity of observation, he would know is said five thousand times a year on precisely the same occasions. The gloss of politeness, the veneer of chivalry, which the Major possessed, in common with the whole caste to which he belonged, seemed not only genuine, and the evidence of a noble nature, but as something peculiar to himself. Experience she had none; and in this case her intuition failed her because of her great liking for the man. In love-matters there is good reason to suppose, from his biography, that even Shakespeare was not quite judicious; and the true reason that causes philosophers to make light of love is not because it is illogical, but because it is inexplicable to them and their theories. What showed the preoccupation of Miss Dart's mind, perhaps, beyond all other signs, was that, save a grateful acknowledgement of his letter, she opened no communications with Mr. Argand. That concentration of mind was wanting which is necessary to literary effort. Instead of thinking, she took to dreaming. This, however, was only as regarded her own affairs. The calls of duty and friendship were in no way disregarded.

To Matthew she was invaluable, in selecting such of his poems as were most suitable for publication in the *Parthenon*, and in suggesting improvements. It was amazing to see how his spirits rose with success, and if even his physical ailment derived no benefit from it, it seemed to do so from giving him something else to think about. In her relations with Matthew, she had looked for little change in consequence of

what had happened as regarded the Major; but in Mary's case she had feared there would be coldness, or at least a withdrawal of confidence. It was a subject that could not be debated on, or on which any new conclusion could be arrived at; the more frank the girl was about it, the worse she knew it must be for herself; and yet it could hardly be ignored. It was not Mary's silence, therefore, but the continuance of matters on the old footing that convinced Miss Dart that her secret remained undivulged. When the first moment of indignation against Roger Leyden had passed away, she had forgiven him—as perhaps she could have forgiven nobody else—for his words of warning. Her sense of justice compelled her to acknowledge his good intentions, and to make allowance for the outspoken and candid nature of the man; and now she was deeply touched by his keeping what he had discovered, and so greatly disapproved of, to himself. It would have been, perhaps, beyond the powers of woman to maintain a similar reticence under like circumstances. He never referred to it, even to herself. "I have said my say once and for all," was what his manner implied; "and I have no desire to make mischief."

As to keeping her own secret, Miss Dart had reviewed the matter calmly and dispassionately in her own mind, and found that she had no scruples about it. If the Major had been of her own age, as he himself had put it, and if their union could have in any way injured the family prospects, her position would have been different; but there was certainly at present no need to provoke disapproval and endanger friendship. Besides, she had not, as yet, even formally accepted him.

There came a time when, looking back at this period of her life with bitterness in her soul, she seemed to have been dwelling in a Fool's Paradise: to many of us no other Paradise is possible, and while it lasts, it serves its purpose as though it were a seventh heaven; but it was not so much that her happiness was unreal, as that it was another person, a new Elizabeth Dart, that was enjoying it. Had she been her own keen, sagacious, independent self, she would have missed that hour of joy to which, with self-blinded eyes, she surrendered herself. The flame of love within her, though it burned so brightly, was steady and without flicker. It needed not to be fed with letters from the beloved object, nor with iterations of his vows; and she credited him with the like confidence in delaying her promised reply to him. It was difficult to explain to herself the cause of her procrastination in this respect. Perhaps she had some misgivings, not of herself nor of him, but as regarded the sacrifice he would be making for her sake. Perhaps she willingly prolonged her days of freedom—the last she could call her own—to be used, as she phrased it, without reference to her other self that was to be. However, at last she wrote.

It was a letter different altogether, both in style and spirit, from most acceptances of a similar kind. Her love for him was frankly acknowledged, and devotedly expressed; but she dwelt much on her own shortcomings and unworthiness. Of her former life she said but little; not because she was ashamed of it, but because she was secretly conscious that its details would not interest him. "I have only one relative in the world," she wrote: "my dear Aunt Jane, whom I do not expect that you will see with the same eyes I do, but whom you must love for my sake, if not for her own. My conscience reproaches me for concealing from her my present happiness; but you see, I am already learning to obey you, and have told her nothing. Nothing is suspected here save by Mr. Leyden, who, I am now convinced, will not betray us. If Mrs. Melburn were in England, I should of course owe it to her to tell her all—I could not remain for twenty-four hours under her roof without doing so; but I feel no such obligation imposed upon me at Casterton, so you may be quite at ease on this point. . . . I quite agreed with what you said the other day about London as a dwelling-place, though I may not have seemed very enthusiastic about it at the time; the fact is—thanks to you, Sir—my mind was a little off its balance. I seemed to hear nothing you said (after that one thing); but now every precious word comes back to me. Yes; London, by all means, though doubtless I should have been equally conformable to your wishes if you had said Bath, or Jericho. You have not only robbed me of my heart, but, of my will. Hitherto, London has always appeared to me very harsh and egotistic—stony-hearted, as De Quincey calls its Oxford-street; hitherto, I have been but a pilgrim and a sojourner there; with you by my side, it will be no longer a peopled solitude, but something very different. . . . As to what you said of the risks of correspondence, I am quite content not to hear from you; for your silence will give consent to my indulging in a thousand happy thoughts, of which you will be the centre. From the news from Germany to-day, it seems certain that we shall return to Burrow Hall in July, at farthest. I hear Mrs. Melburn is little, if at all, bettered by the change. When I think of the pain and troubles of others, and contrast them with my present bliss, I am ashamed of my own unworthiness; such sentiments, however, I know, appear in your *Index Expurgatorius* under the general head of doldrums; so no more of them. When I am with you, I can make myself very disagreeable, as you know, in the way of lectures and reproofs; but now that I am away, I am only bent on pleasing you. Alas, alas, how I love you!"

There was much more to the same effect: the self-abnegation of a sovereign will—the homage of a noble heart to an idol of its own creation—with now and again a struggle where the old individuality and independence of character made a stand for an instant against the tide of passion.

When the letter was posted, Miss Dart experienced a sense of extreme relief. The Psalmist's *Liberavi animam* has an application far wider than the religious circle. Nervous and excitable persons, over whom some important stroke of fate is impending, are often driven to their wits' end by the contemplation of it; but let them once sit down and write their appeal, defence, or whatever plea in restraint of execution occurs to them, then the weight, though it still overhangs their heads, is removed from their hearts. They have done their best, is their comforting reflection, and they can do no more; and when the mind is monopolised by joyful anticipation instead of apprehension, the same effect is produced by a similar course of action.

For the first time since the Major's proposal, Miss Dart now felt herself free to follow the natural bent of her disposition, and to turn her thoughts to Mr. Felix Argand, and the *Millemium*. She had, of course, acknowledged that gentleman's letter, but no other communication had passed between them. She had read with attention the copies of the review with which he had supplied her; but they had given her little assistance in the way of suggestion. Its contents were varied enough, and perhaps too varied. Had their range been more limited, it would have made her choice of a subject easier. She was not one of those literary aspirants to whom everything that is their own appears to have a peculiar charm and the stamp of originality. There was nothing in her collection of MSS. that seemed suitable, or at all events as representative of her powers. Disappointed, but not dispirited, it suddenly struck her that a description of Casterton and its

surroundings, which had made so deep an impression on her own mind, might have some interest for those who were strangers to such old-world haunts.

The town, with "Silence and old Time" for its indwellers; the downs, with their freedom and solitude; the sea, and the marsh that had once been the sea; and, above all, Battle Hill, with its legend and its buried mystery: these at least were subjects in themselves not common-place, and capable of picturesque treatment. She wrote a sketch of them at a sitting, which, however, was prolonged till daybreak, and in hot haste. Ideas suggested themselves to her with such rapidity that she feared her pen would fail to seize them ere they escaped; a day or two were devoted to correction and excision, when she was amazed to find how little was to be effected in the way of improvement, for she had yet to learn that with genius it is not the second thoughts that are best. Finally, she made a fair copy of the article, and, with many misgivings and an apologetic letter, dispatched it. As the contributions to the *Millennium* were all signed, it was necessary to follow that practice; but she entreated the editor's permission, in the unexpected case of his accepting the paper, to permit it to wear a pseudonym. She entitled it "A Bit of Old England," and signed it "John Javelin," which, while having some vague reference to her own name, would conceal it, as well as her sex, from recognition.

Unlike her communications to Burrow Hall, when once it was dropped into the post she regretted its departure, and was tormented with the conviction of its inadequacy and shortcomings. Even when, like the dove from the Ark, after many days it did not return to her, she drew no favourable augury from that circumstance, but pictured it lying in unequal strips in Mr. Argand's waste-paper basket.

(To be continued.)

SKATING SKETCHES.

Skating in the middle of March is almost unprecedented in the experience of Londoners. The Serpentine, the lakes of St. James's Park and Regent's Park, and the ponds of Hampstead and Highgate, have afforded this exhilarating pastime, very late in the season, to many thousands of active people. Our Artist has sketched a few lively scenes and groups of figures illustrative of this popular recreation, which to those once expert in the balanced attitude and gliding movement is always delightful. Few care for a possible tumble; but the chance of a ducking in such cold water is a disagreeable possibility, and the general sympathy with healthy enjoyment is too often saddened by accounts of drowning. The condition of the ice, in such a climate as ours, is liable to very sudden alterations. One morning last week the Long Water, westward of the Serpentine, by order of Colonel Wheatley, the Ice Inspector and Parks Bailiff, was thrown open to the public for skating. In the early part of the day crowds of ladies and gentlemen were skating on what was then a fine solid-looking sheet of ice, but which became cracked and shaky, if not positively dangerous. Ropes, ice-boats, ice-ladders, and other appliances were there in abundance, while there was a highly efficient body of icemen, in their cork jackets. Up to noon fully 5000 persons had been on the ice, and at that time it was taken possession of by a rougher class. The whole surface of the ice was literally covered with boys and men; and the effect of the great weight was discovered. The ice, though four inches thick, was made up of layers, old ice being frozen over with new, according to the recent fluctuations in the temperature. At the western end of the Long Water it soon became evident that a collapse was imminent; and it was determined by those in authority that the ice should be cleared. Accordingly an extra force of police-constables was sent for to assist the icemen in carrying out the operation. Shortly after three o'clock ropes were placed across the ice at both ends of the Long Water, and these were carried by constables and others on the shore, so as to sweep the skaters off, while other policemen followed the course of the ropes on the ice, driving before them all who refused to leave. Two or three young men were immersed in their endeavours to escape the ropes and the police. At length matters began to look serious, as the ice was splitting up into great cracks and fissures, and, from its appearance, might at any time precipitate a huddled mass of people into the water, to be immediately covered up by blocks of four-inch ice. More vigorous measures were resorted to, and by half-past four o'clock the whole surface of the Long Water was virtually cleared of people. It is a very anxious and difficult duty, and usually a thankless office, to protect rash folk from the danger which they refuse to believe in: and disobedience to lawful orders should be punishable by a fine.

The incidents which our Artist's observation or fancy presents to view in these Sketches are characteristic of a kind of amusement freely shared by persons of all classes, of different ages, and of both sexes, in the most public manner, but with an inevitable exposure of individual peculiarities. If there be any personal deficiency of aptitude for the exercise, want of skill, natural clumsiness or feebleness, or lack of courage, fortitude, and self-possession, it is sure to betray itself on the ice, and to excite the unflattering comments of idle spectators. The old gentleman with the two young ladies, in spite of the poetical quotation inscribed beneath this group, looks exceedingly good-natured, and not at all the picture of "crabbed age"; but he would feel more at home in an arm-chair at his club, for his limbs have been stiffened by gout or rheumatism, so that he is unable to keep pace with his charming nieces. As for the elderly couple in the corner, beset with rival importunities, "between two stools," by the bawling fellows who offer skates on hire, they will do wisely to make good their retreat as soon as they can, and watch the sport from a safe distance. The girls, when once they have learnt the art of skating, practise it with much success, as they do other exercises requiring a fine balance of the body; and nothing is more graceful than some of their best performances in this way. A young lady from Canada, where they have several months available for the purpose every year, sets an example of easy motion and secure self-carriage that few can surpass. The children who can skate, when they come out under proper guardianship, are likely to pass an hour or two very pleasantly on a safe piece of ice reserved to their separate use: here is a little maiden of aristocratic connections, with the footman doing service as she sits to have her skates put on, while the governess watches over her, and she will enjoy her pastime "in style." The crowded scene below, when a mixed assembly of skaters on the Serpentine are "in full swing," does not seem quite the place for children. It is, however, much rougher work on the "Saturday afternoon"; and, in general, much discrimination of suitable times and places, and attention to the warnings of experienced persons about the state of the ice, are commended to the Londoners who would indulge their love of skating.

In preparation for the forthcoming manoeuvres at Dover and Portsmouth, nearly 10,000 Volunteers of the metropolis were under arms last Saturday. The weather being fine and dry, the musters of the various regiments were in all cases good.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

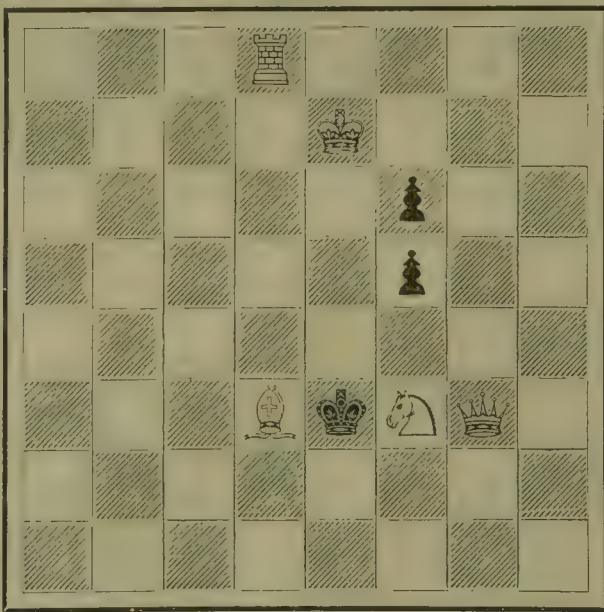
All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, E F H (Trowbridge).—We have no recollection of any question of yours save the one we answered. Put them again, and we shall endeavour to oblige you.
C A L B.—Thanks for corrected diagram of your problem.
H H H (St. Petersburg).—We fancy we have seen the "Niva" problem before, but sh. examine it further.
F U E L A.—(1) The Chessplayer's Chronicle can be obtained from W. Morgan, 10, Madras-road, Holloway; (2) we do not know of any publication called *Our Corner*; (3) only the leading New York newspapers can be purchased in London, and these do not usually contain chess columns. Just now, however, they publish reports of the match for the championship. Your solutions are correct.
J R M A (Honiton).—Your solution of No. 2183 was not correct; neither is your solution of No. 2185 received on your last post-card.
E L G and J U L I A S H O R T.—The key-move of Mr. Bremner's Problem is 1. K to Q 3rd. We shall endeavour to find space for the full solution next week.
W K G (Balham).—The laws of the game adopted by the British Chess Association will be found in "The Book of the International Tournament" (1883), published by James Wade, 14, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.
C E S A I R (Adelphi).—We think the idea is a good one, but do not see our way to helping you in the matter.
CONCURRENCE SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2183, 2184, 2187, and 2188 received from E Holt (Hawtenshall), of No. 2184 from T Roberts and L K Hirsch; of No. 2187 from J H Tamisier, John C Bremner, T Roberts, James Copland, E L G, L K Hirsch, H H H (St. Petersburg), Walter Jowett, W E Carver, and E G Boys; of No. 2188 from Rev. J Phelps, E L G, L K Hirsch, Mrs. Charles Brown, F F (Brussels), R S Sumner, John C Bremner, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Julia Short, E B Holmes, T G (Ware), T Roberts, Dr. Keaton, W P Welch, P B Jameson, H H H (St. Petersburg), W E Carver, E G Boys, Thomas Mulleny, F E Reed, William Monk (Copenhagen), J R M Anderson, and Walter Jowett; of C M K R O X 'S PROBLEM from J R M Anderson, Fluela, An Old Lady (New Jersey, U.S.A.), E L G, and John C. Bremner.
No. 2189.—We regret to say that a Pawn was omitted from the diagram of this problem. The error has brought upon us severe punishment in the number of letters received. It appears to have been a sweet boon to the solvers whose chess form runs to two checks and a checkmate—from whom, by-the-by, we never hear except in these phenomenal cases. To mark our respect for the great composer who contributed the problem, we shall give it another diagram in our next Number.

PROBLEM No. 2191.

Competing in the COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNEY.

Motto: "Vive la Bagatelle."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Appended are the tenth and eleventh games in this match, played at New Orleans, on Feb. 26 and the 1st inst., respectively. The tenth game calls for no comment. It presents no points of interest. The notes appended to the eleventh game were contributed by Captain Mackenzie to the *New York Tribune*.

TENTH GAME.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Herr S.)	BLACK (Dr. Z.)	WHITE (Herr S.)	BLACK (Dr. Z.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	most certainly leads to one. 14. Kt takes Kt would have made the position critical for both players.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to K B 3rd		
4. Castles.	Kt takes P	14.	Kt takes Kt
5. R to K sq.	Kt to Q 3rd	15. Q to R 5th	P to K Kt 3rd
6. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	16. Q to K 5th	Q takes B
7. B to Q 3rd	Castles	17. Q takes Kt	Q to Kt 2nd
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt takes Kt		
9. R takes Kt	P to Q B 3rd		
10. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to K sq.		
11. B to R 3rd	B to B sq.	18. Q takes Q	K takes Q
12. R to K 3rd	R takes R	19. P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd
13. B P takes R	Kt to K 5th	20. R to K sq.	B to Q 2nd
14. B takes B		21. K to B 2nd	R to K sq.

This looks like a desire for a draw, and

ELEVENTH GAME.

(Four Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Dr. Z.)	BLACK (Herr S.)	WHITE (Dr. Z.)	BLACK (Herr S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17.	K takes R
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq.
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. R to K R 3rd	P to K B 3rd
4. B to Q Kt 5th	B to Q Kt 5th	20. Q to R 7th (ch)	K to B 2nd

This variation, known as the "Double Ruy Lopez," first came into prominence during the Paris International Tournament of 1875.

5. Castles	Castles	22. B takes B (ch), followed by 23. P to Q 4th, wins the Bishop, and certainly was preferable to the course adopted.	
6. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt	22.	K to B 2nd
The book move, we believe, is 6. B to K 2nd.		23. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to B sq.
7. P takes Kt	P to K 5th	24. Q to R 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd
8. P takes Kt		25. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to B sq.
There seems to be nothing better; 8. Kt to K sq., the only other plausible move, would hamper his game too much.		26. Q to R 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd
9. Q takes P	P takes Kt	27. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to B sq.
10. B to Q 3rd	Q takes P	28. Q to R 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd
11. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 4th	29. Q to R 5th (ch)	

The Queen occupies a very threatening position here, and we doubt if White had any better reply than 12. B to Kt 2nd, although it gives up a Pawn.

12. B to Kt 2nd	Q takes Q P	30. Q to R 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd
13. B to Q B sq.		31. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd

At the first blunder it would seem that the Bishop was excellently posted at Q Kt 2nd, but White, evidently, did not wish Black's Queen to go to K R 3rd, threatening mate, and so successfully jarring any attack White might institute against the Black King.

13.	Q to Q R 4th	32. R to K 3rd (ch)	K to B sq.
Of course, not to Q B 6th, on account of 14. B takes P (ch), &c.		33. Q to R 8th (ch)	B to Kt sq.
14. B to K B 4th	B to K 3rd	34. B to R 6th	R to K 2nd
15. Q R to K sq.	K R to K sq.		
16. R to K 3rd	B to Q 4th		
17. B takes P (ch)			

In an off-hand game a sacrifice like this might be pardoned, but occurring in a match game for the championship of the world it is altogether inexcusable. More so, really, as when White has the chance of winning back the piece he neglects to avail himself of it.

18.	K to B sq.	37. R to K sq. (ch)	K to B 2nd
19. Q to R 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd	38. B to R 6th	Q to R 2nd
20. Q to R 5th (ch)	B takes Q	39. Q takes Q	B takes Q
40. P to Q B 4th	P to Q R 4th	41. B to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th
42. R to Q sq.	P to R 5th, and White resigns.		

After an interval of a week, play was resumed on the 12th inst. Herr Steinitz opened the game, and at the forty-eighth move proposed a draw, which was accepted by the second player. The time occupied was, respectively, Dr. Zukertort, one hour and twenty minutes; Herr Steinitz, two hours and fifty-five minutes. The score, as we write, stands—Herr Steinitz, 6; Dr. Zukertort, 5; drawn, 3.

The prizes in the three-move problem tournament of the Irish Chess Association have been awarded as follows:—First prize, "Ultima ratio

regum," C. Planck, of London; second prize, "Killarney," W. H. Walsh, of Dublin. Honourable mention is awarded to the problem bearing the motto "Erin's Hope," by R. H. Houghton.

The annual University matches in London during the boat-race week will be commenced on the 30th inst., when a combined team from Oxford and Cambridge, twenty players, will engage the same number of the third class of the City Club. This match will be played at the Salutation Tavern, 17, Newgate-street, and the admission will be free to members of the club and their friends.

The London University is expected to make a first appearance in the chess arena this year. A movement is on foot among the graduates for organising a team. Some of the graduates of London University residing in London are said to be skillful players.

Since our last report of the Athenaeum Chess Club, its members have won three matches. On Feb. 25, against the Isis Club, their score was 6 to 2; on March 1 they defeated Bermondsey by 6½ to 1½; and on March 8 won of the Ludgate Club by 6½ to 1½. A match arranged with the Newcross Club, for the 17th inst., has been resigned by the latter without playing.

Mr. J. W. Abbott, the well-known composer of problems, has resigned the chess editorship of the *Ladies' Treasury*, after many years' good service to the cause of chess in that clever monthly. The reins are now held by Mr. F. Healey.

Sir Richard Dickeson, the president of the Dover Chess Club, invited the members of that association to dinner on the 8th inst., at the club rooms, Royal Oak Hotel. About forty gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner, the host presiding supported by Lord Brownlow Cecil, the Mayor of Dover (W. J. Adeock, Esq.), and other members. Mr. C. Wood, the winner of the last year's club tournament, occupied the vice-chair. After the usual loyal toasts, the president proposed "Success to the Dover Chess Club," coupled with the name of Mr. Henry Hayward, the winner of this year's tournament. Several other toasts followed. The intervals were enlivened by songs, and the company broke up at eleven o'clock (by Legislature's harsh decree), all feeling, in the words of the honorary secretary, Mr. Allan T. Wilson, that it was a "red-letter day" in the annals of the club.

It has been decided to invest the surplus funds of the National Aid Society, amounting to about £6000, in the name of the Princess of Wales, to form a fund to be used, whenever needed, for the assistance of British soldiers and sailors in time of war.

It has been unanimously decided by the City Corporation to signalise the approaching visit of the representatives of India and the colonies in connection with the Exhibition by a service at St. Paul's Cathedral, which is to be attended in state by the Lord Mayor and Corporation.

The Common Council of London have voted 500 guineas to the fund being raised at the Mansion House for the relief of the unemployed and deserving poor; and, with a view to giving employment to numbers of men out of work, have decided to lay out and drain a portion of the Wanstead Flats, at a cost not exceeding £800.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland attended a meeting at the Mansion House, Dublin, on the 11th inst., the Lord Mayor of Dublin presiding, to take measures for relieving the distress in the country. The Lord Lieutenant, Lord Plunket (Archbishop of Dublin), Bishop Donnelly, and others addressed the meeting, and several subscriptions were received.

Lord Brabourne is having a field of fifteen acres, near the village of Smeeth, in Kent, laid down in grass, for the purpose of cutting up into plots to be used as allotments by labourers on his estate; and Lord Harris is making arrangements for granting allotments to those of his labourers who have expressed a wish to cultivate their own land.

We are authorised to state that the veteran poet and dramatist, Mr. John A. Heraud, now in his eighty-seventh year, will shortly give to the world his last poem. It is entitled "The Sibyl Among the Tombs," an elegy written in a London churchyard. The infirmities of age have compelled Mr. Heraud for the past few years to relinquish his literary labours. The present poem was suggested by a little adventure which happened to his daughter, Miss Edith Heraud, in Islington churchyard. This the lady relates in a short introduction to the elegy. The poem will be issued by Mr. Daniel S. Stacy, of Islington; and is interesting from the fact that it brings an honourable literary career, occupying the greater part of a century, to a close.

A connected historical narrative of the diverse military operations in Egypt and the Soudan, from 1882 to 1885, is a really useful work. Mr. Charles Royle, a barrister, who has resided in Egypt these ten years past, and who claims to have been an impartial spectator of events, independent both of the administrative influences at Cairo and of the strife of political partisanship in England, has executed this task with fair success. His two volumes, entitled *The Egyptian Campaigns* (and including the transactions which led to them), published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, contain a sufficiently full account, without superfluous circumstantiality, for the satisfaction of the general reader. The first volume is occupied with the affairs of Egypt proper, from the beginning, in 1876, of the tentative arrangements to improve the financial condition of the Khedive's almost bankrupt Government by the aid of foreign Commissioners, down to the trial and banishment of Arabi Pasha, in December, 1882. The author, who must have had good personal opportunities of learning what happened in Egypt, relates the doings of that period in a temperate spirit, and with a degree of exactness in detail, not always found in contemporary commentaries. The riot and massacre at Alexandria on June 11, the bombardment of the forts by the British naval squadron on July 11, the abandonment of the city next day to pillage and conflagration, are minutely described. The subsequent campaign of Lord Wolseley's army, resulting in the victory of Tel-el-Kebir on Sept. 13, and the advance on Cairo, is narrated with much preciseness from the official despatches. These events are rendered more intelligible by a map of Lower Egypt and accurate plans of Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir. The second volume, devoted entirely to the campaigns in the Soudan, including those of Abd-el-Kadir and General Hicks in 1883, and the progress of the native rebellion led by the Mahdi, is of equal interest, or perhaps greater, from a military point of view. Ninety pages are filled with transactions of importance, often too little regarded, preceding the siege of Sinkat and Tokar by the insurgent Arabs of the Red Sea coast region. It was the fall of Sinkat, in February, 1884, and the defeat of Baker Pasha's Egyptian force, that caused our own Government to undertake those costly and difficult military operations which have had no useful result. General Gordon's mission to Khartoum, having at first the character of pacific negotiation, became some months afterwards the occasion for still greater efforts in desert warfare. Mr. Royle's book will be found to contain the material portion of what has been authentically recorded concerning all these notable expeditions: that of Sir Gerald Graham (his first campaign around Souakim), in February and March, 1884, with the battles of El Teb and Tamaai; the ascent of the Nile by Lord Wolseley's army, in October and the following two months; the advance of Sir Herbert Stewart from Korti, over the Desert to the Nile at Gubat, and the battles of Abou Klea and Metammeh; General Earle's advance up the river to the action at Kirbekan; Gordon's unavailing defence of Khartoum, its capture, and his death on Jan. 26, 1885; the second campaign of Sir Gerald Graham in the neighbourhood of Souakim, in March last year; and finally, the withdrawal of the British forces, in the summer, from the interior of the Soudan. This second volume is furnished with a map of the Soudan, and outlines of General Hicks's route to Kordofan, of Dongola, Berber, and Khartoum, and of several battlefields.

GREY-FRIARS.

Tall slender plane-trees stand, like ghostly sentinels, in straight lines across the square, their delicate branches ("bare ruined choirs, where once the sweet birds sang") and round black fruit sharply cut against the cold grey sky. An atmosphere of holy peace and calm, rest and solitude, surrounds the railed-in space, as if the gentle monks still went forth in the early morning to gather herbs for their cooling medicines from the fields by Islington, or joined in deeds of charity with their neighbours the Knights of St. John, or with the friars of the crutched-handed staffs, who lived yonder across the red-roofed town, beyond the spire of St. Paul's. Fine wrought-iron gates, decorated with the Sutton coat of arms, guard the spot—a task they have performed nigh three centuries: ever since, indeed, the kindly City banker bought the Charterhouse from the Howards—and seem to prevent the intrusion of all worldly troubles, which fall, like Christian's burden, from off one's shoulders as, entering the quaint enclosure, one leaves not only the roar of the City behind, but the thousand and one tokens of every-day nineteenth-century life.

Once inside this charmed circle, and the ghosts of the past take the *pas* of you on the pavement, under the grand gateway of the Monastery, with its sturdy oak doors, among these silent empty courts, in which nothing living moves save the shadow across the face of the dial. Here, in the older portion, one stands aside, as serge-robed priests, with keen refined faces, pass in groups of three or four, discussing in monkish Latin the probable issue of these endless altercations with the King; while Prior Houghton, bravely cheerful, speaks words of hope and comfort to the anxious brothers. There are some among these shades who fled to the quiet refuge at Bruges when the storm broke; others who, with their Prior, were put to death for defying Henry; others, again, who faded out of life, none knew how, from sheer inability to exist beyond these peaceful walls. Listen to them, as they fit to and fro in the dim light; and, as you lean against the rough rubble walls and low porch of the old wash-house, look to your left; for by that open casement stands as real a personage to you and me as ever is Monarch or Friar—Colonel Newcome, in his black cloak, with the order of the Bath upon his breast. His face, familiar as the features of our dearest relatives, gazes at us, through the misty air, with a smiling welcome. Oh! white-bearded, good old man, in your livery of charity, what gratitude do we not owe you for the many happy hours of leisure we have passed in your company. What lessons have you not taught us, of long-suffering, patience, and kindness. There is scarce one visitor who strays into this land-locked harbour of refuge but asks first to be shown the position of the rooms you occupied; there is not one but thinks of you, as the chapel bell tolls from the lantern tower. Of the blessed race of immortals, you will live for ever.

Old-world airs tinkle from the latticed windows of the Norfolk rooms, whence, comparatively so short a time ago, a Princess, with small, shrewd blue eyes, and bright chestnut hair, watched the rain impatiently, waiting, longing for the morrow, when the broad-brimmed hat, tossed aside at Hatfield, will be replaced by a glittering crown. Her Grace rests in the niche facing the beautiful mantelpiece in the stately withdrawing-room; and the sound of the virginal swells high as the jacks are touched by her soft white fingers. Now it is slow stately dance music she plays; anon, a march

thunders forth. And the weird men and women in the tapestry on the walls heard those notes struck, and listened to that imperious voice, as to-day they glance, with lack-lustre eyes, on our unpicturesque figures, and hearken as our guide tells of the glories of long ago. The Queen of Sheba pours her treasure at the feet of Solomon; David, armed by Saul, sallies to meet the Philistine; kings of Israel, sceptre in hand, stride across a faded brown-grey background; these forms of cross-stitch, canvas and worsted, have watched Elizabeth through those long five days which she spent here en route for her Tower state-rooms; and have seen Norfolk composing his love-letters to Mary, Queen of Scots. Addison and Steele have been before us, and Lovelace the Cavalier poet. Many another notable famous soldier, author, artist—foremost among whom we proudly reckon Havelock, Thackeray, and Leech—meet us on the broad oak stairs. But Clive, Newcome, and Pendennis; Rawdon Crawley's little son, Dobbin, George Osborne, and the small white-haired gown-boy, are as real to most of us as are the authors of the "Christian Hero" or of "Cato"; and we speak of them with as much affection. For one who mentions Addison, there are ten who think of the Colonel: for one who lingers at Sutton's gorgeous tomb, a score look at the pensioners' seats, and could repeat, word for word, Thackeray's delightful description of the services in the chapel on Founders' Day.

"A plenty of candles lights up this chapel,"—how does it go? I think there is not one of us but could finish it. To-night the Codd's "cough feebly in the twilight," and the shadows fell on the alabaster and marbles of the greybeard merchant (by whose side sleeps Lord Ellenborough, who, "educated here, desired to be buried here, in grateful remembrance of the advantages he had derived through life from his education upon the foundation of the Charterhouse"), just as they did when George the Magnificent was still on the throne, and a gown boy with a queer broken nose kicked and fidgetted in the narrow pews to the left of the altar. Gas has superseded candles, and the cherry-cheeked lads have all been sent into the country: only the pensioners are here, to whom the preacher reads the old, old words of Love and Mercy in the sunny mornings, and at the close of each day. Only the pensioners sit, with their cloaks about their shoulders, and their wrinkled hands folded on their laps. How long will they be left undisturbed? How long before the outraged spirit of Thomas Sutton—like the wraith of Master Richard Watts in Rochester Cathedral—rises from the coffin below, in the vault, and demands of the trustees an account of the manner in which the terms of his will are obeyed?

The forty-five decayed gentlemen who live in these courts, who repeat the prayers and psalms in the Jacobean chapel, and dine in that sumptuous Tudor Hall, with the empty Minstrels' Gallery overhead, are given £36 a year, two comfortable rooms, a cloak every two years, a dinner and a breakfast every day. At first eighty old men were thus clothed and fed; but the Sutton lands near Cambridge having lost their value, the number has gradually been reduced; and now there is a talk of boarding out Codd Ajax, Codd Colonel, and kind Codd Gentleman, and selling the entire property, lock, stock, and barrel. Soon, this fine monument of the Past, with its thousand memories of Carthusian monk, intriguing Duke, and charitable merchant, will be levelled with the dust, to make way for new streets hideous with huge warehouses. In the meantime, those who care to see the most interesting of all the many City sights should go to the Charterhouse as the chapel bell is ringing in the dusk, and

golden lights glitter behind the lattice panes of the old court-yards; should follow the bent figures as they drift into their accustomed places in the house of prayer; should listen as, with weak quivering voices, they ask God to lighten their darkness. The service lasts but a quarter of an hour, and then the pensioners—as did the friars of old—return one by one to their lonely rooms, where many a kind face of the dead friends of long ago, many a fond memory, greets them, as they open the doors of their quiet lodging. The great gates are shut; the dwellers in Grey-Friars are left to their repose; while the casual visitor, turning away from the peaceful scene, wonders if any news later than the death of her Gracious Majesty Queen Anne is ever discussed within these grey walls, if the *Spectator* and *Tatler* form the principal reading of these spectacled veterans, and whether, in the watches of the night, the spirit of "Fundatoris Nostri" walks abroad among these sleeping old men, whose last days are passed, through his wise charity, in comfort and rest.

WORKS OF REFERENCE.

Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. have published their "India List" for 1886, which contains classified information derived from the latest official sources, and is invaluable for all who are interested in the civil and military administration of our Eastern Empire.

The "City of London Directory" of Messrs. Collingridge is a complete compendium of intelligence regarding the City, in which, as the publishers point out, the commercial and other changes during the last year have been greater than any registered in the preceding fifteen issues of the work.

"Thom's Official Directory" is now in its forty-fourth year, gaining in usefulness with each succeeding edition. Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., and Messrs. Kelly and Co. are the London publishers.

The "Dramatic and Musical Directory of the United Kingdom," published by Mr. C. H. Fox, of Russell-street, Covent-garden, will be found of great service to the members of both professions.

A work that always retains its place amidst an increasing number of competitors is the "Clergy List," and the latest issue, which has been corrected to the hour of going to press, shows the same careful compilation that has marked previous editions.

Sell's "Dictionary of the World's Press," for the current year, besides furnishing details of the newspapers and periodical literature of the civilized world, contains a number of literary and social facts associated with journalism.

The autumn congress and health exhibition of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain will be held in York next September.

The Board of Trade returns show that during February 9108 emigrants of British origin left the kingdom, of whom 5266 went to the United States, 435 to Canada, and 2602 to Australasia.

At the London School Board meeting on the 11th inst. a letter was received from the clerk of the Drapers' Company stating that the scheme for Bancroft's School provided that one hundred boarding foundation scholars should be maintained in the school, entitled to tuition, board, and clothing, free of any payment, and that fifty such scholarships should be awarded on competitive examination to boys who had been for three years scholars at any of the public elementary schools.

MAPLE and CO. NEW SHOW-ROOMS.

MAPLE and CO. NEW SHOW-ROOMS.

MAPLE and CO. ADDITIONAL ROOMS.

MAPLE and CO. ADDITIONAL ROOMS.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have OPENED the NEW EXTENSION of their FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, making an addition of 1½ acre, including fourteen new Show-Rooms, for the display of High-Class Furniture.

MAPLE and CO.'S FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, the Largest in the World. ACRES of SHOW-ROOMS, for the display of First-Class Furniture, ready for immediate delivery. Novelties every day from all parts of the globe. No family ought to furnish before viewing this collection of household requisites, it being one of the sights in London. To Export Merchants an unusual advantage is offered. Having large space, all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers.

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BRASS AND IRON,

IN STOCK,

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3 ft., 40s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 45s.; 4 ft., 53s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 57s. 6d.

Price for the Patent Wire Wove Mattress, without Bedstead:—

3 ft., 12s. 9d.; 3 ft. 6 in., 15s. 9d.; 4 ft., 18s. 6d.; 4 ft. 6 in., 21s. 6d.

"PATENT WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS."

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This Mattress is, in fact, a complete appliance for all purposes of REST and SLEEP, combining all the advantages of a PERFECT SPRING BED, and CAN BE MADE SOFT OR HARD AT PLEASURE BY USING THE HANDLE AT SIDE OF BEDSTEAD; IT CAN BE TAKEN TO PIECES IN A FEW MOMENTS, AND PACKED IN A VERY SMALL COMPASS.

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BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, with 6 ft. Wardrobe, complete, £18 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, Mahogany, or Walnut, consisting of wardrobe, with plate-glass door, toilet-table, washstand (marble-top, Minton's tile back), towel-horse, pedestal cupboard, three chairs, £12 17s. 6d. These suites, which are manufactured at Maple and Co.'s Steam Cabinet Works, should be seen by intending purchasers; they are simply marvellous productions for the money, and thoroughly well made and finished.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—CHIPPENDALE, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs; large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly inlaid; also satin-wood, inlaid with different woods, 85 to 200 guineas.

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MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS (BRASS).

MAPLE and CO. have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for IRON and BRASS Four-post BEDSTEADS, Cribs, and Cots, specially adapted for mosquito curtains, as used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price, for full-sized Bedsteads, varying from 25s. Shippers and colonial visitors are invited to inspect this varied Stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. 10,000 Bedsteads to select from. MAPLE and CO., London.

MAPLE and CO. have seldom less than 10,000 BEDSTEADS in Stock, comprising some 600 various patterns, in sizes from 2 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. wide, ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase, if desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, is thus avoided.

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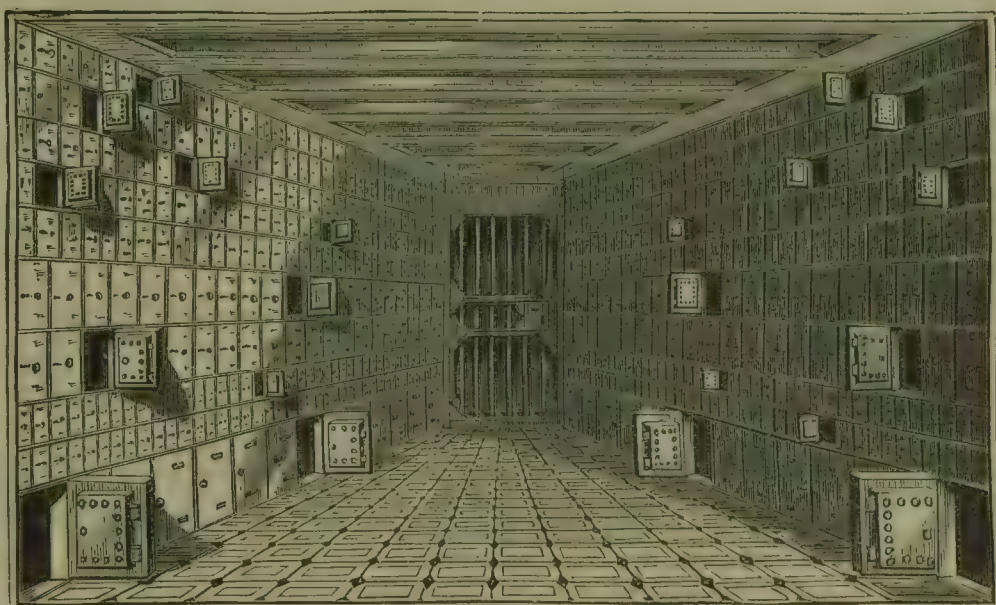
CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT

FOR THE
SECURE KEEPING OF VALUABLES

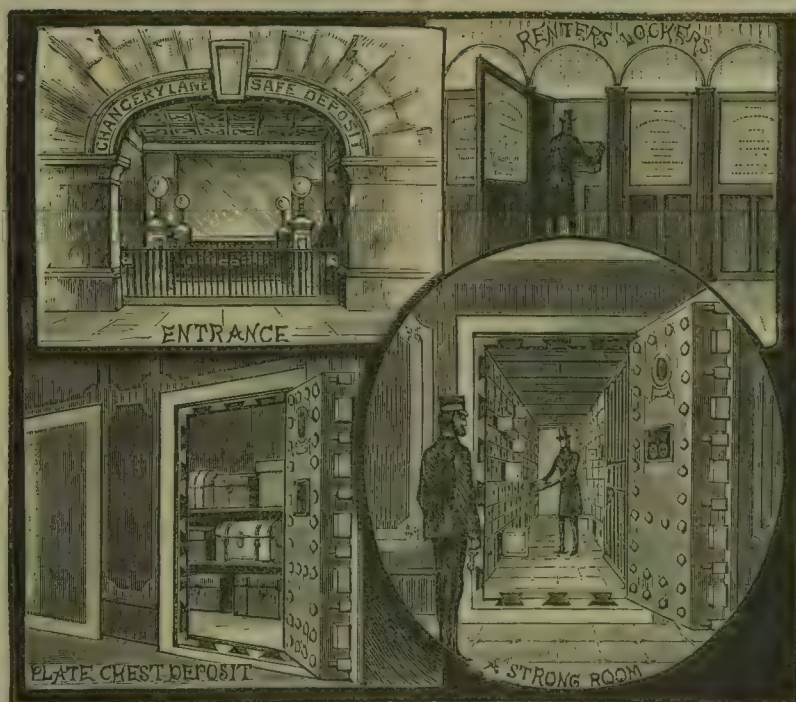
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FIRE
AND
BURGLAR PROOF
SAFES
FROM
ONE TO FIVE
GUINEAS.

Visitors can occupy Safes for short periods. If more than one is taken a reduction will be made.

Convenient
Writing Rooms
for Renters.



VIEW OF A STRONG ROOM FITTED WITH SAFES.



ANNUAL
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ROOMS,**
5 ft. AND UPWARDS,
LIGHTED WITH
ELECTRIC LIGHT,
FIVE TO THIRTY
GUINEAS.

If more than one is taken a reduction will be made.

A
Separate Room
for Ladies.

IN THE FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES
AND
STRONG ROOMS

(GUARDED BY MILITARY PATROL).

EACH RENTER HOLDS THE ONLY KEY EVER MADE OF ACCESS TO HIS SAFE.

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PROSPECTUS POST-FREE ON APPLICATION TO THE MANAGER,

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Will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.

The Mexican Hair Renewer

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days. It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.

The Mexican Hair Renewer

Is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but produces the colour within the substance of the hair.

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May be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle. In case the dealer has not "The Mexican Hair Renewer" in stock, and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct by rail, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of England. Sold Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33, Farringdon-road, London.

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Incontestably proved by Thirty Years' Medical Experience to be
THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS
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NEW SEASON'S PATTERNS NOW READY.
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Sole Address: **SPEARMAN and SPEARMAN, Plymouth.**
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NEW BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES. A beautiful variety of New Designs, from 1½ to 6 guineas.
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LADIES' CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, 2s. 6d. per Dozen.
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Every yard bears the name "LOUIS," and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Winter Shades to **THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn-circus, London, E.C.,** who supply all shades and all qualities at most reasonable prices.

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THE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES. LOTION.
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Bottles, 2s. 9d. Sold Everywhere.
THE OLDEST AND BEST. "THE QUEEN"
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers, Oilmen, &c.
MANUFACTORY: **VICTORIA PARK, SHEFFIELD.**

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BOYS' SCHOOL OUTFITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS respectfully invite applications for PATTERNS of their NEW MATERIALS for the present season, and would draw special attention to their Registered "WEAR-RESISTING" FABRICS, of which they are the Inventors and Sole Manufacturers. Patterns are forwarded post-free, together with the ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST, containing 250 Engravings, illustrating the most becoming and fashionable styles of Costume for the wear of Gentlemen, Youths, Boys, and Ladies, and giving full details of necessities for School Outfits.
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ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS
CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each box bears the name of "WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford-street, London." One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief in the worst attack of Asthma, Cough, Bronchitis, and Shortness of Breath. Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short breath find them invaluable, as they instantly check the spasm, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night. Are perfectly harmless, and may be smoked by ladies, children, and most delicate patients. Price 2s. 6d. per Box of 35, post-free; and of all Chemists.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH. BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



PALACE OF THE HLOT-DAW OR SUPREME COUNCIL AT MANDALAY.

The speedy termination of hostilities against King Theebaw, by the surrender of that monarch to General Pendergast when the British expedition arrived at Mandalay, left our Special Artist at leisure to delineate the remarkable features of that city. The Palace of the Hlot-Daw, or Supreme Council of State, is one of the most important public edifices at Mandalay. This Council, under the late Government of the Kingdom of Burmah, consisted of the Min-Gyees and Woon-Gyees, the chief Executive Ministers, four in number, and several of the Atwin-Woons, or grand officers of the Royal

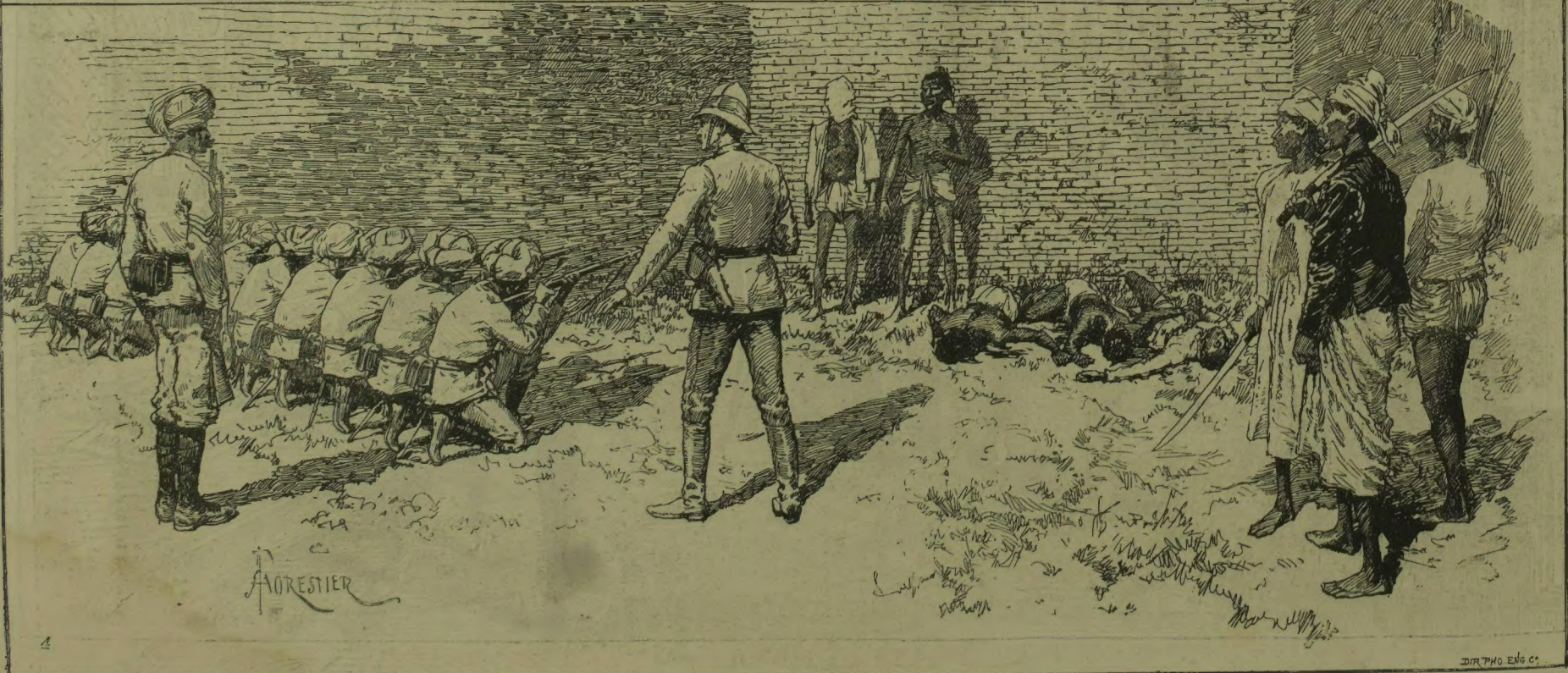
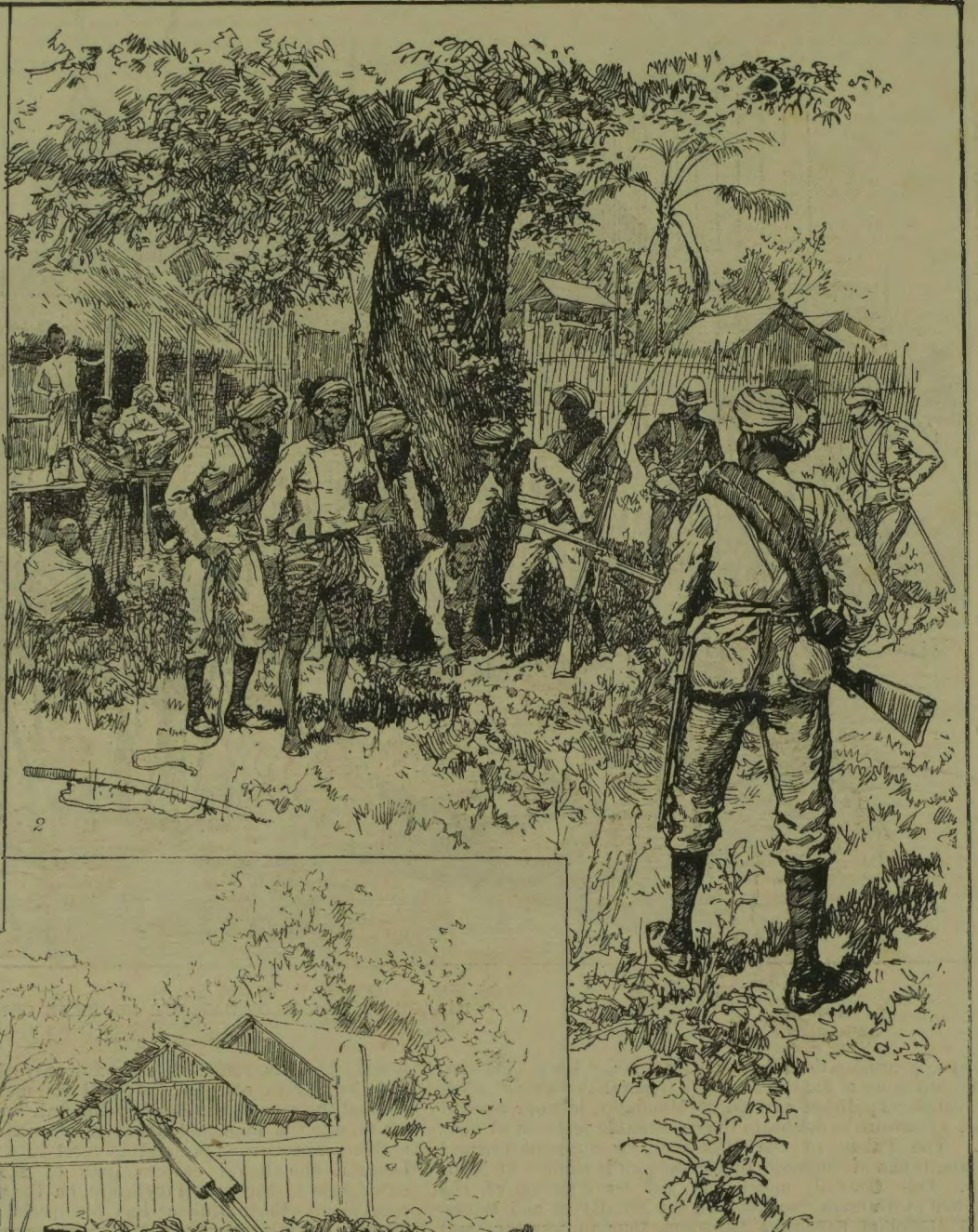
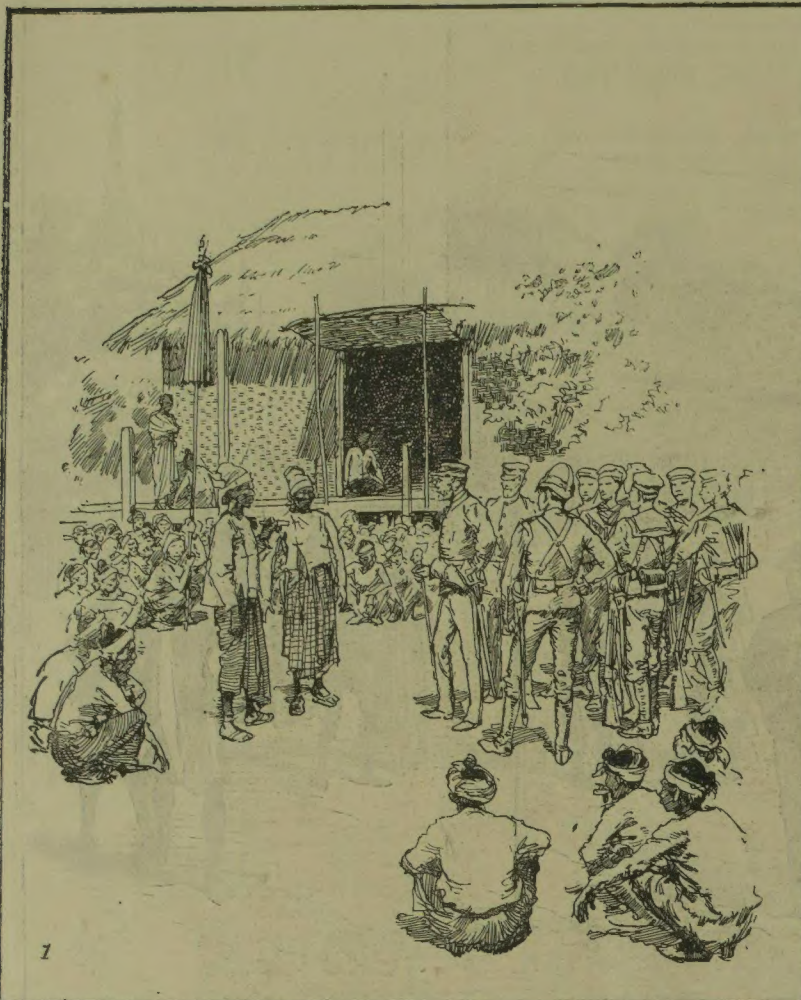
household. Its functions were not only administrative, but also legislative and judicial, and its members summarily decided the case of the Bombay-Burmah Trading Corporation, which was the immediate cause of the ultimatum dispatched to King Theebaw. It used to meet in a building situated between the Royal eastern gate of the palace and the outer gate to the palace inclosure, on the wide esplanade or courtyard. Each Minister had his special office at no great distance on this esplanade. If there was a President, it was the Kin-Woon Min-Gyee, the so-called Prime Minister,

who was the one able and experienced man at the Mandalay Court. He has been in England (in 1872); he was the leader of the Peace Party, and the representative of order; but he was, and had been ever since King Theebaw succeeded to the Throne, quite powerless. When the British Government of India declared war against King Theebaw, an intrigue was set on foot in the palace to give up the lives and property of all the European residents—or, at least, those who were British subjects—to massacre and plunder. This atrocious plot was counteracted by the efforts of the Kin-Woon Min-



PRIVATE AUDIENCE-ROOM IN THE PALACE AT MANDALAY, USED AS THE BRITISH HEAD-QUARTERS MESS.

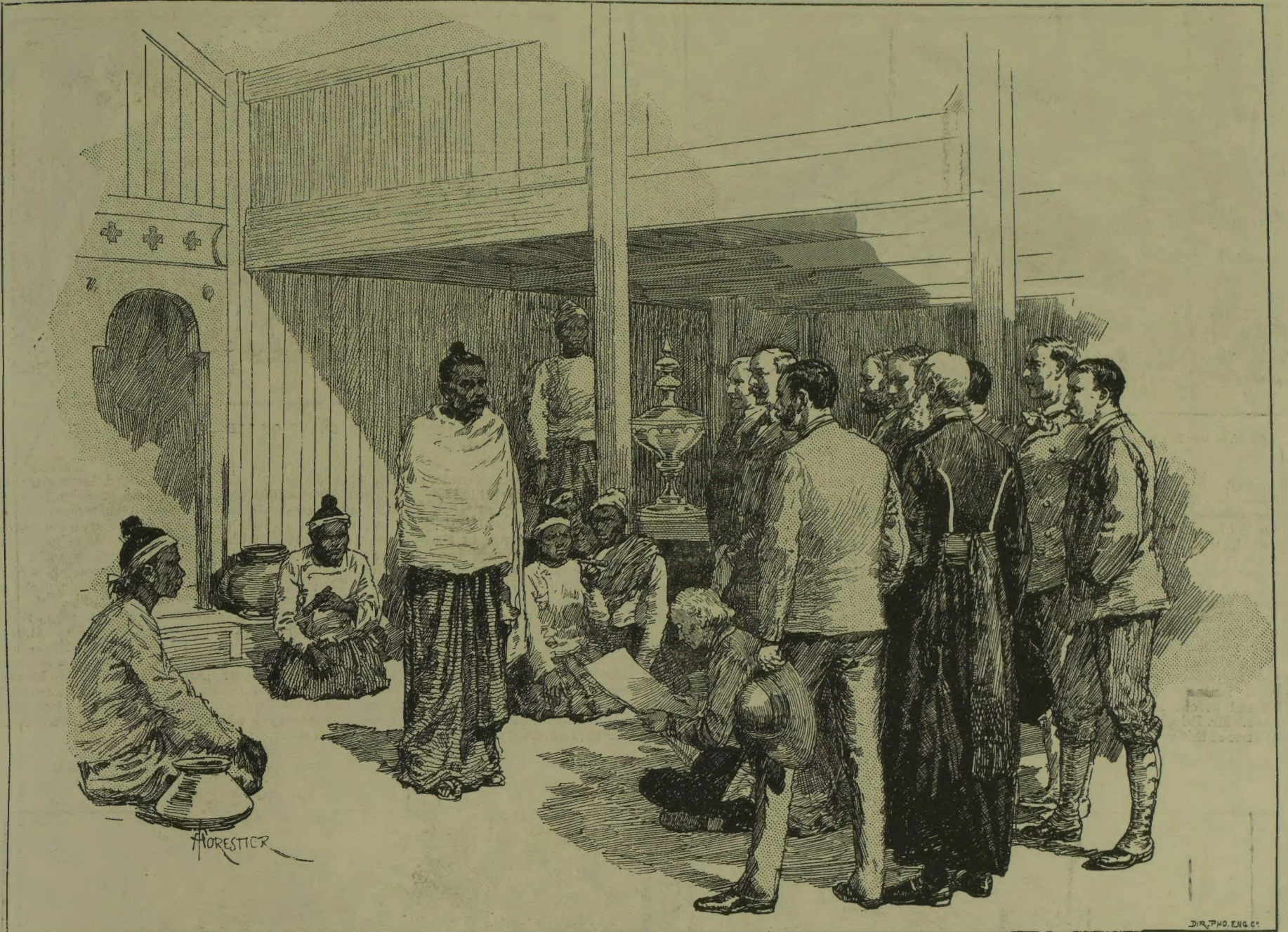
SKETCHES IN BURMAH. BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



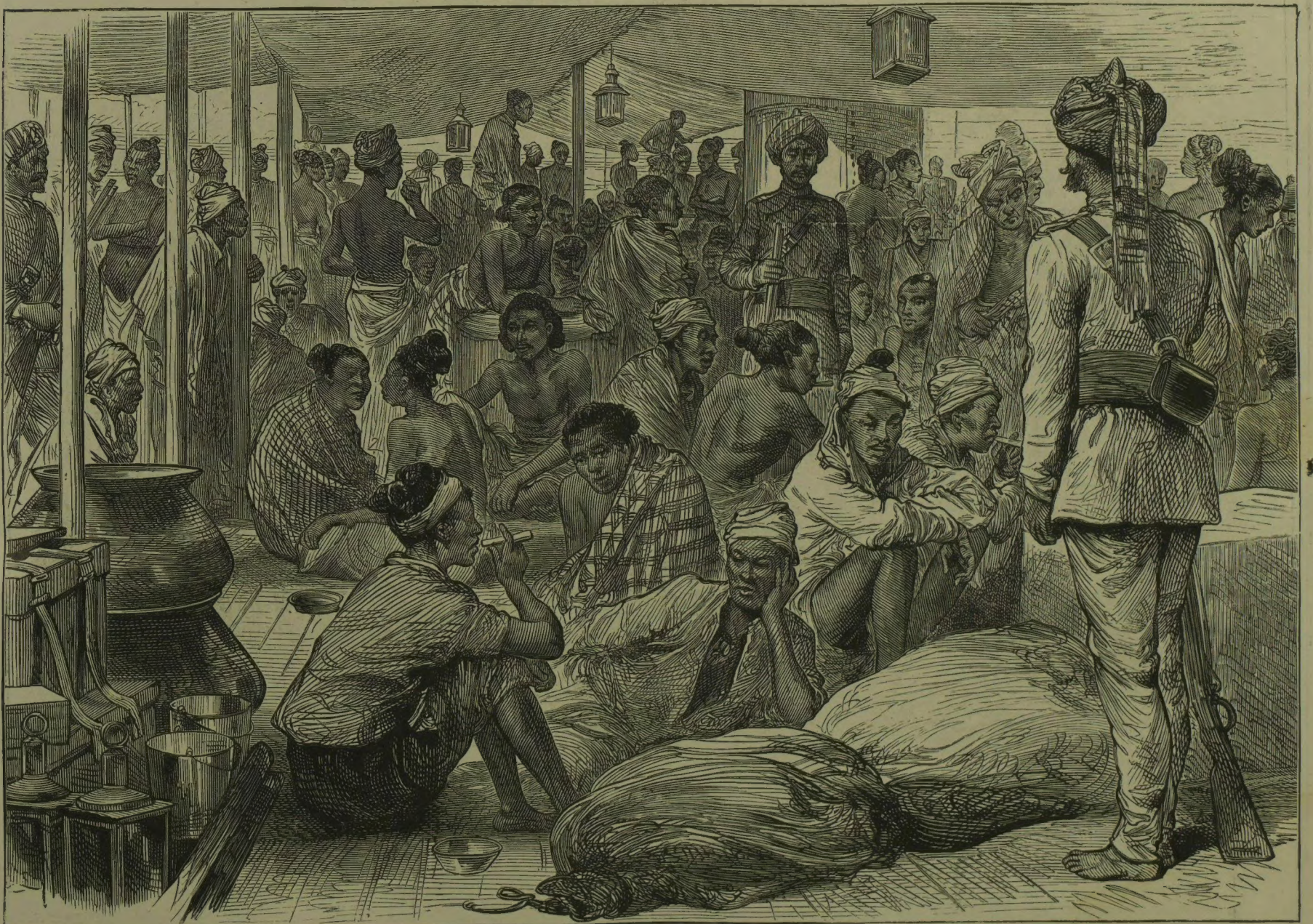
1. In search of dacoits: Interview between Captain Woodward, R.N., and the Woon of Mya-doung.
2. Finding dacoits hidden up a hollow tree.

3. Captured dacoits on the way to prison.
4. Shooting dacoits outside the city walls at Mandalay.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



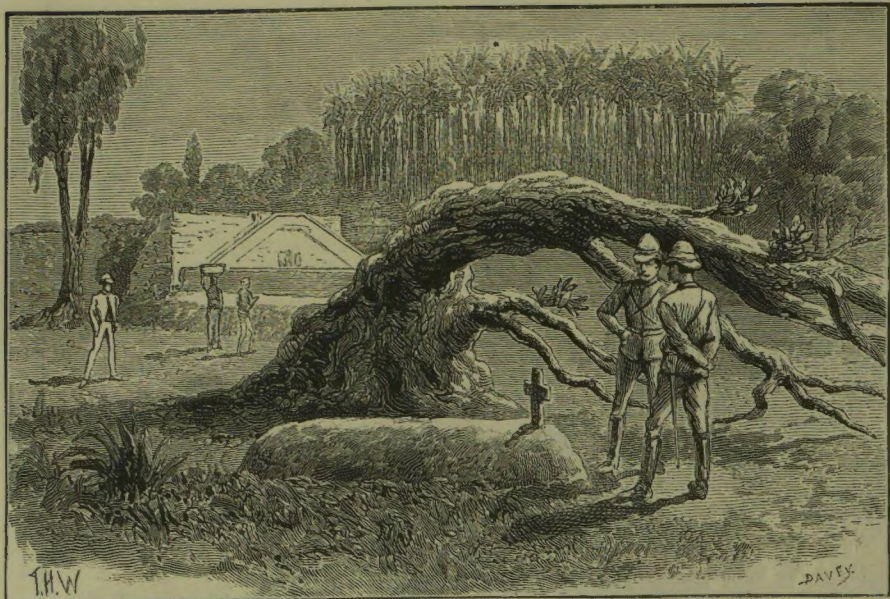
EUROPEAN RESIDENTS AT MANDALAY PRESENTING A LETTER OF THANKS TO THE KIN-WOON MING-YEE.



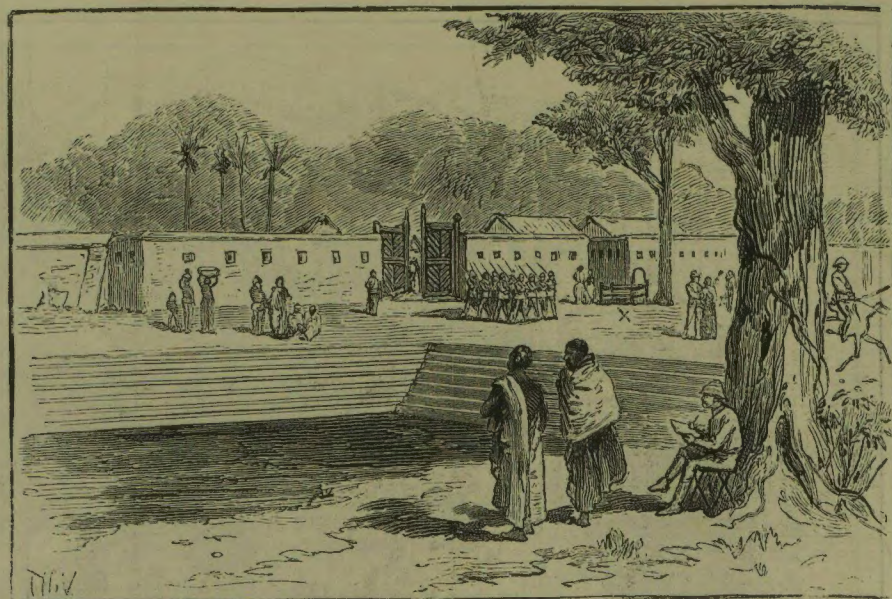
DACOIT PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO MANDALAY.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

x The Grave.



GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT DURY, KILLED IN THE ATTACK ON MINH LA FORT.



FORT OF SAGGINE WITH GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT COCHRANE.

Gyee, to whom a grateful address of thanks has been presented by the Europeans dwelling at Mandalay; and the scene at the reading of their address is the subject of one of our Artist's Sketches. The Royal palace has already been described, with the apartments that were occupied, respectively, by King Theebaw and Queen Soopya-lat, who are now removed to Madras. Our Illustration shows the interior of the handsome audience-room where the King received visits of state, and in which Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, recently held a levée; but which has served many days for the mess-room of the headquarters' staff officers of General Prendergast's army.

The outbreak, in many districts, and even near the capital, of a system of plunder and murderous outrage, similar to what in India was formerly known as "dacoity," was mentioned in our last notice of the present condition of Burmah. Mr. Prior writes upon the subject as follows:—"The great curse of this country now is the dacoits, and I send several

sketches in connection with them. In one instance we went in search of a leader of such marauders, who had established himself in a pagoda, which he had fortified, as well as a village; here he called himself a Prince, and put up his white umbrella; and, while trying to capture him, on their march to the place, the 23rd Madras Light Infantry had a warm time of it. The road was so narrow that three men could not walk abreast; and the jungle was so thick that it was impossible for us to enter it, while the dacoits have other paths, and manage to cut their way in. In a village stood a large hollow tree; some of our Sepoys chanced to look into a hole in it, and found that some men were up there inside. Our Sepoys called on them to come down, or they would fire up. As soon as the robbers descended, they were tied and bound, and brought down the country as prisoners. When we were on our way down from Bhamo, Captain Woodward, of the Naval Brigade, heard that at Mya-doung the Woon had some dacoits, and one styling him-

self a Prince. Some landed, and discussed the matter with the Woon, but, strange as it may appear, he actually wanted to be paid for capturing the dacoit leader, and refused to deliver him up until he received a kind of ransom. My other sketches are those of a batch of dacoits being conveyed to prison in a village, previously to being brought to Mandalay to be tried, when, if found guilty, they will be shot, as shown in my next sketch. Three have already been put to death, and the last two are now about to receive the extreme penalty of the law.

The graves of two British officers who have been killed in the late campaign—namely, Lieutenant Dury, who fell in the attack on the Minhla Fort, and Lieutenant Cochrane, in the fort of Saggine (killed on Jan. 6 by dacoits in a skirmish) were sketched by our Special Artist. In addition to his other Views of the town of Bhamo, which we have described, he presents one of the approach or entrance to that place, showing the curious way in which the houses are raised upon the top of wooden posts.



SCENE IN BHAMO: APPROACH TO THE TOWN.



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"PRIDE AND LABOUR"
FROM THE PICTURE BY ALFRED W. STRUTT

FROM THE GRAPHIC EXHIBITION OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS